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THE VIRGINIAN

1906

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THE VIRGINIAN

State Female Normal School

1906

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

COMMERCIAL PRINTING COMPANY
LYNCHBURG, VA.

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LONGWOOD COLLEGE
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA 23901

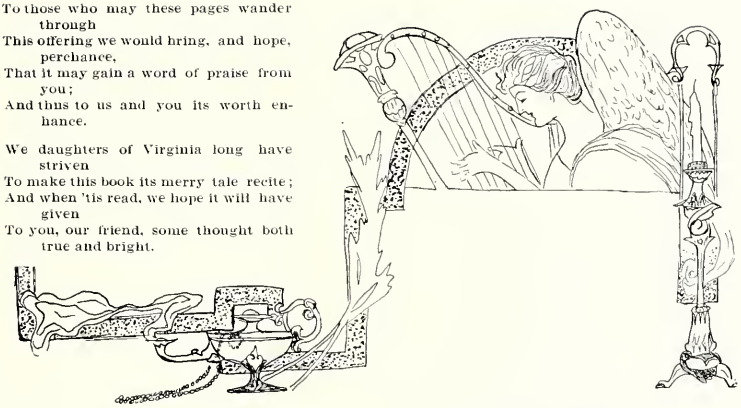
Come, drink a toast to S. N. S.,
The dearest of schools, the best!
Here's to her girls, the richest, the rarest,
Through bonny Southland the fairest!
Once more to her colors, the White and the Blue,
Symbols of all that is loyal and true.

MAE MARSHALL.

Greeting

To those who may these pages wander through
This offering we would bring, and hope, perchance,
That it may gain a word of praise from you;
And thus to us and you its worth enhance.

We daughters of Virginia long have striven
To make this book its merry tale recite;
And when 'tis read, we hope it will have given
To you, our friend, some thought both true and bright.



To picture school days here is our desire,
Those happy days that soon must pass away;
And, by this volume, in your heart inspire
A gracious sense of what we would convey.

And now we ask your very kindest feeling
For all the efforts we have centered here;
And should we aught unworthy be revealing,
Pray, censure not, but give a word of cheer.

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Dedication

To the
Members of our Faculty
who have stood
by us in our need, who
have given us the highest and truest knowledge,
and taught us the best lessons life can offer,
do we dedicate this number of

The Virginian

as an expression of our
gratitude and love.

The Virginian

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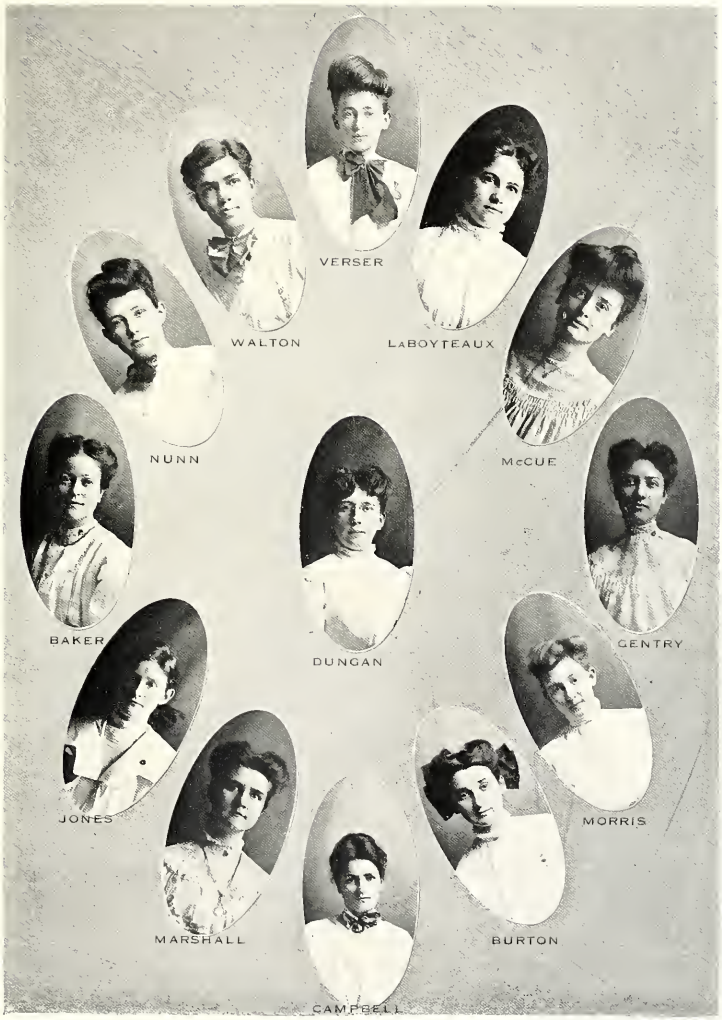
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Editorial

WE wish to thank most heartily the friends who have helped in making this number of THE VIRGINIAN. Mr. J. L. Jarman, Miss Coulling, Mr. Mattoon, Mr. H. H. Hunt, Miss Jennie Tabb, Miss Edith Duvall, and Mr. Walter Biggs have kindly taken advantage of every opportunity to aid us.

Mr. C. B. Fuqua (the publisher) gave us his cooperation in securing advertisements. To Mr. Howard Chandler Christy we express our most enthusiastic appreciation for the beautiful frontispiece, a generous gift from his famous brush.

To Miss Lula O. Andrews we owe our greatest debt of gratitude. Her earnest efforts in our behalf have been an inspiration to the entire Staff. From the beginning until all the work was finished, her deep interest, untiring patience and industry have shown how truly she has the success of the seniors and the school at heart.

We are very proud of the progress our school has made within the last year, and have tried to make this Annual express its fuller, richer life. It has been our constant effort to put into it just the things that characterize our happy school life, and to make this volume stand for some of the best things of our loved Alma Mater.

C. P. D.

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2 Dr. Winston
3 Mrs. Cohran
4 Mrs. Newby
5 Miss Thraves
6 Thackston
7 Miss Allen
8 Mr. Cox
9 Mrs. Jamison

Class of January '06

Motto :—Allios servio.

Colors:—Lavender and green
Flower:—Violet

Honorary Member:—Miss Dunn

Officers

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Vice-President - - - -	Mary Ford
Secretary - - - - -	Gertrude King
Treasurer - - - - -	Susie Ford

MISS FRANCES W. DUNN

Senior B Class of January 1906

HARRIET KING BUGG

"It was a glad "Good morning!"
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning glory
Over the livelong day."

NELLIE V CARNEAL

"Do little things well now; so shall greater things come to thee by and by asking to be done."

MISS CRAWLEY

HELEN AGNEW CHILDREY

"A sunny temper guilds the edge of life's blackest clouds."

FENNELL CRAWLEY

"That which is worth doing, is worth doing well."

MISS CHILDREY

HENRIETTA CAMPBELL DUNLAP

"Sweet prompting unto kindest deeds were in her very looks."

MARY SHERMAN FORD

"The habit of looking at the bright side of things is worth more than a thousand a year."

SUSIE EMILY FORD

"A mind at ease with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."

LUCY CARY HINER

"A true friend is forever a friend."

FLORENCE LINWOOD INGRAM

"I know what true happiness is, for I have done good work."

NELL DOUGLAS INGRAM

"Wealth is of the heart, not of the hand."

ANNA B. C. JOLLIFFE

"There is nowealth like the heart's wealth—content."

GERTRUDE CAROLINE KING

"Beautiful faces are those that show,
Beautiful thoughts that lie below."

MINNIE ESTELLE PRICE

"And cloudy the day, or stormy the night,
The sky of her heart was always bright."

ANNA ROYSTER ROGERS

"She had a pensive beauty, yet not sad;
Rather like minor cadences that glad
The hearts of little birds and spring boughs."

CLARA CHARLOTTE SANDERLIN

"The quiet mind is richer than a crown."

BETTY PRICE STARLING

"I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart and set on the lid 'nd smile."

GEORGIANA ELIZABETH
STEPHENSON

"My strength is as the strength
of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

LILLIAN FREDERICKA
THOMPSON

"Nothing is impossible to a will-
ing heart."

IRA PEARL VAUGHAN

"Content to lead a simple life
where God has placed her."

The History of the Last Term's Work of the January Class of 1906

Taken from letters to a friend.

September 25, 1906

DEAREST PEGGY:

I arrived at this place last Monday, and wasn't a bit glad to get here either. Of course, though, after a little I enjoyed seeing the "old" girls. There has been little excitement as yet. A few of the old girls did go around the other night and make some of the "Rats" sing the laundry list backwards to the tune of "Home Sweet Home," but nothing startling has happened.

The most nerve-racking experience, so far, was our first day in the Training School. Shall we ever forget it? We put on our best white shirtwaist suits, and our prettiest ribbons, and combed our hair in the most becoming way, and went down to impress ourselves upon the Training School. We chatted gaily until the children marched in. Then we began to tremble and be impressed.

When we went in to teach we had to introduce ourselves by writing our names on the board. The children would insist on leaving off the surname and saying only "Miss". Never did a set of children ask so many questions in two minutes, as did those new pupils, seemingly so eager for knowledge. While you were answering one child's questions, another would pipe up with, "Miss, where you from?" "Miss, you going to teach us?" "Miss, what's your name?" and so on, until we wished we were in Jericho, where there are no such things as Training Schools, I believe.

"Heads of tables" were selected to-day and all of the Seniors except Florence Ingram and me have tables. We were glad to escape the labor, responsibility, and honor of carving beef for ten girls.

October 3

To-night at seven o'clock we organized the Educational Seminar, to meet every Tuesday night in the Reading Room. Besides having the regular program, each girl is to report on some magazine. Our professor of psychology is to be chairman of the first meeting.

After this was completed, the class was organized. We elected Florence Ingram president. You remember she was our president last year; we feel sure that she will guide us wisely. Mary Ford is vice-president; Gertrude King, secretary; and Susie Ford, treasurer. We feel quite important, now, as a class.

October 10

Price Starling came in to dinner late to-day. She had the look of one who had come, seen, and conquered. You know what that means, Peggy. Somebody was "kept in" in her grade!

We had pies yesterday for the first time; three to divide among ten girls. Never did a Chinese puzzle cause more thinking than did the cutting of those pies. The heads of the tables looked at each other, inviting practical suggestions, but it was to no avail. At last a broad smile spread over Mary Ford's face, and we knew that she had

solved the problem. The solution was passed on ; the crisis was past ; and all were enjoying the pies. After dinner we gathered around to compliment Mary on her brilliancy. Very modesly she said, "I 'm teaching fractions in the fifth grade."

October 15

At class meeting this afternoon, we elected the other class officers and our honorary member. Clara Sanderlin is to give the words of greeting at commencement ; Florence Ingram is prophet ; Gertude King, reader of the will ; Fennell Crawley, poet ; Nell Ingram is to speak the farewell words ; and I am historian, Peggy. Think of Polly Perkins having to write the class history ! Please put on your thinking cap, dear, and give me some points, for they will be sadly needed. Miss Dunn is our honorary member.

As usual Roy Rogers "moved that we adjourn." You know this is one of our jokes. I believe we couldn't adjourn at all, if Roy didn't make the motion.

Our class pins have come They are little beauties, and we are proud to wear them, though most of them are, at present, ornamenting favorite teachers or intimate friends.

Hallowe'en

I just wish you could have been with us to-night, Peg. We had the most fun ! We had a delicious supper, all sorts of good things to eat, and every table had a jack-o-lantern on it. The servants were dressed as ghosts, too.

It was the time of Seminar meeting, but "on account of the importance of the night," it was postponed.

Last night Nell and Florence Ingram gave us the grandest "box"! Such a spread I never saw. Our honorary member was there, too. We were all very prim and proper with her at first, but we soon found that she was a school girl herself. There was a very interesting guessing contest. Miss Dunn won the prize, a box of Lowney's, and Henrietta Dunlap the booby, a turkey wishbone, tied with a big bow of red ribbon. In the course of things, our honorary member asked us if we had a yell ; as we hadn't she made us one. Here it is :

Rixki, ixki, ixki, ix !
Rah ! rah ! rah !
Rixki, ixki, ixki, ix !
January naughty-six !
Rah ! rah ! rah !

We practised it vigorously several times, and then went out in the halls to let folks know we had one.

What do you suppose Price Starling did to-day ? Broke the clapper of the Training School bell. It was her week to ring bells. This was her last day, and, delighted over the fact, she rang too vigorously.

December 4.

Some of us have changed work, and some, supervisors. Anna Jolliffe still has her sixth grade spelling. It is nothing unusual for her to keep in ten or twelve in one day.

What do you think Lucy Hiner did? Asked to teach geography the second half-term ! What she finds so facinating about it, I cannot see. Do you, Peggy ?

Guess what the professor of history told Estelle Price to-day. He said that she was one of the best history teachers he had ever had. Do you wonder that she holds her head high ?

Clara Sanderlin and Ben Anderson are still doting on each other. From what I heard to-day, I think Ben must have asked Miss Sanderlin to wait until he grew up; But from what Clara told me last week, I'm inclined to think that she won't wait for Ben.

December 16.

At the last Seminar, our professor asked us to meet next time at his home; he thought he and his wife could find a way for us to have some fun. We had our Christmas program first. The papers were fine. Afterwards our hosts brought out several tables and several games of "Pit." They got "Pit" so that we might yell as much as we wished. Yelling is a pastime strictly forbidden in school. Being Seniors, we must set an example for the rest. But we yelled this time! Mr. and Mrs. President and the teacher of manual training came in, and we yelled again to show them how well we could break a rule outside of the school grounds.

Delicious refreshments were served before we dispersed at half-past ten. It was a happy, happy evening.

January 8.

Dearest Peg:

I had the grandest time Christmas!, but it is hard to get down to work again. Florence Ingram didn't come back. The faculty will grant her a diploma without these last few weeks of school work. She is teaching in Barton Heights. Isn't that fine? But we certainly do miss her. She will be here to get her diploma with us, though.

January 15.

One of the kindest ladies of the town, entertained our class Friday night in honor of Hattie Bugg and Georgiana Stephenson. We had a delightful time. The form of entertainment was a picture party. We had much fun making them, too. Price Starling, as usual, got the prize, a beautiful picture of violets, and Roy Rogers, the booby.

Fennell Crawley distinguished herself again to-day in psychology. We feel sure that some day she will equal Mr. Thorndyke in psychological discussions, for "Herr Docter" never brings before the class a subject that she cannot enlighten us upon.

What do you think! Pearl Vaughan cried for joy when she got her ticket. The rest of us were certainly happy, but we did not shed any tears.

Guess what I asked Nellie Carneal to-day! (You know she teaches sixth grade geography.) I asked her what time it is in Jericho, when it is 2 p. m. here. Wasn't that absurd! Child, she told me! but I've forgotten what she said. It doesn't matter, I never expect to go to Jericho. Nellie knows Tarr and McMurray as I know my A, B, C's. Do you wonder the children think she is "intellectual looking"!

Susie Ford is trying to convert the first grade tots into Michel Angelos. She is succeeding, too, for some of the drawings of Christmas toys made by them were so good that we recognized them.

You don't know Gertrude King, do you? I wish you did. She is one of our prettiest, sweetest girls.

January 23.

Dearest Peggy:

Just one short week and you'll see your Polly Perkins. Will the time never come? Of course we hate to leave Alma Mater; we have learned to love her well.

I know Henrietta Dunlap will be missed more than any of the rest of us, for she is such a help to everybody.

Just think! Helen Childrey has taken three "State Exams" in less than a week —and passed on all. Hasn't she "spunk," though?

Well, Peggy, it is time for one of our numerous class meetings, so no more at present.

Your loving
Polly Perkins.

P. S. Will be home Tuesday night on No. 3. Meet me.

LILLIAN F. THOMPSON.

Prophecy of the Class of January, 1906

'Twas on a fair September day,
Ere robins southward took their way,
Or Frost had dyed the maples red,
Or Fall to Winter had been wed ;
The time when Nature's at her best,
When air and sunshine give life zest,
When school-room seems a prison drear,
And outdoor life most passing fair,—
Such time as this, our matron took
Our class of girls across the brook
To spend the day in picnic style
On Willis' Mount, where for a while,
Our books forgot, we'd feel at ease
To halloo and whoop beneath the trees.

All morn we played ; at noon's advance,
We eyed the lunch with furtive glance.
Our chaperon soon saw our need,
And spread the lunch, a feast indeed.
Full justice did we to the food,
(Our manners really were not good.)
The dinner o'er, our lady took
A siesta sweet in cosy nook,
While we most sly our plans did make—
The whole time scared lest she should wake—
To slip away to nearby place
Where camped a tribe of gypsy race,
To have our fortunes told, take note,
That's why to come here all did vote,
With hurrying step, Price led the way
To where the gay encampment lay.

A surly man in soiled attire,
Was stirring soup, which o'er the fire,
In big pot boiled, beneath a crane.
By odor judged 'twas dreadful mean.
We asked him who the fortunes told,
He pointed to a woman old,
Whose hair was long and black and straight ;

Meg Merriles as sure as Fate!
A cymbal dark and tambourine,
With children brown made up the scene.
We asked the hag in tones of fear,
If fortunes we could have told here.
The old crone looked with features hard,
"I tell 'em, dears, and don't need a card;
But first, pretty miss, just cross your palm
With silver bright, which guards from harm."
We'd come prepared, for Nell had said,
"Gypsies won't talk unless well paid."

Who should be first? We hesitate—
Just as before, for Price we wait.
Her dime-crossed palm she then outheld,
While silence fast upon us fell,
"I see" said Meg, "Long life for you,
Success, good friends, fond lovers true;
You will not wed. Your work will be
To teach Malays across the sea."
Of course Mary Ford was close to Price;
Her lines were read within a trice—
"You music love, and have much skill;
Some day your voice will thousands thrill."
And Hattie, in cloister would be nun, dear,
Or dancing teach,—the lines weren't clear.
In flirting Georgiana would delight,
Till older grown, then math. books write,
How all did laugh when Meg described
Lillian Thompson, fair, no Farrar beside,
Who glasses wore and college gown,
Expounding nature all around.
Fennell Crawley would grow quite tall and lean,
Hang out her shingle and be lawyer keen.
In city large Henrietta would stay
A secretary of the Y. W. C. A.
'Twas strange indeed, but surely true,
Gertrude and Estelle Price like work would do:
As teachers good they both should tarry,
Till, like "The Princess," they would marry.

Helen Childrey, though fond of city life,
Would make a country boy's good wife,
"Old maid," Nellie Carneal's lines did presage ;
Clara Sanderlin would be a star of the stage.
When passes free cannot be got
Anna Jolliffe would turn an aeronaut.
Where Russian despot's reign is darkest,
Lucy Hiner would go and be anarchist,
And Roy would turn down many a chance,
To marry a preacher, and live in a manse.
A polar expedition cold
Pearl Vaughn would lead, ere she grew old.
Nell Ingram to Italy would travel,
And poets' histories unravel.
Susie Ford, at Vassar, would win LL. D.,
And education her hobby be ;
While Florence's poor heart would break,
Since decent rhymes she could not make.
Our fortunes told and money earned
No more from Meg, at all, we learned.
Into the tent she straightway went
And would not share our merriment.
Then quickly thence we girls did hurry,
Though seeing Bruin, some begged to tarry.
Our chaperon in sleep reposing,
Declared to us she was only dozing.
She did not know we'd been away ;
Nor have we told her to this day.
But now that school is nearly over,
We will our escapade discover,
And prove how all our class can know
What each will do, where each will go ;
For gypsies well the palms can read
And what they tell is true indeed.

FLORENCE LINDWOOD INGRAM.

The Last Will and Testament of the Senior B Class

January, 1906

WE, the January Class of 1906, of the State Normal School, Farmville, Virginia, being about to depart this school life and being in sound mind and in full possession of our faculties, do hereby give and bequeath to those hereinafter mentioned the following priceless gifts :

Item I To Miss Dunn, in appreciation of what she has been to us, as companion, helper and guide, we bequeath our class pin and a fifth grade nature study teacher for next term ; to Mr. Jarman, our able and esteemed President, an annual appropriation of $75,000, and a special appropiation of $150,000.

Item II. To Miss Woodruff we bequeath a new secretary that will be as faithful as Henrietta has been, also a teacher just like Nell ; to Miss Haliburton, Hattie and Pearle, so that we may be sure that the first and second grade tots receive the proper and necessary training for entering a higher grade ; to Miss Pierce, a new and roomy room for the fifth grade.

Item III. In recognition and appreciation of the sympathy that Miss Andrews has shown us at all times—especially during the last crowded weeks of the term—we make her a promise that we will strive to follow her precept and example by using "good everyday English, and good English every day." We bequeath to Miss Whiting a "Guidon" Staff and Literary Societies that can walk alone.

Item IV. For Dr. Messenger we leave nineteen hearts full of gratitude for the service, hospitality, and many kindnesses he has shown our class ; for Miss Alleen Andrews, a musical graduating class, who will faithfully and promptly attend rehearsals ; for Miss Coulling, a wish that all her girls may learn to distinguish a shade from a tint.

Item V. To Miss Blackiston we bequeath a copy of Mr. McMurry's "Type Study" for each member of the Senior A geography class ; to Miss London, a solid geometry and a trigonometry class ; to Miss Snow, the earnest wish that some day she may have in the Library all the books she wishes there ; to Miss Rice and Miss Lancaster, a larger Mission Study Class than they have ever had before ; to Miss Dugger, profound silence in the Library.

Item VI. We most solemnly will and bequeath Miss Tabb a set of students who matriculate automatically ; to Miss Hills, a gynmnasium class that knows right from left ; to Miss Smithey, a class of girls who do not speak the "French of Stratford-atte-Bowe," but have the true accent of "Paree."

Item VII. To Mr. Mattoon we leave a non-combustible Santa Claus costume ; to Miss Winston, the wish that some brilliant girl in her class may invent an automatic cleaner for the Laboratory ; to Dr. Sears, a new and revised edition of "Twice Told Tales," also our sincere gratitude for his patience in leading us over some of the difficulties in school life.

Item VIII. We bequeath Miss Cox, Miss Hiner, Miss Gwyn and Miss Sutherlin each a new, well-lighted and comfortable class room. If these cannot be obtained, we direct that an artificial sun be procured to make their present rooms habitable. To Miss Blandy we express our desire that she may have as lovable children in the kindergarten next year as she has now. To Miss Harrison's loving care we leave all girls that can write for the Open Column of "The Guidon."

Item IX. To Mrs. Cochran we leave a house full of girls who go to bed on time, get up on time, come to meals on time—girls who are models of punctuality. To Miss Mary White Cox we bequeath a trip, at the end of the session, to some restful place where not even a thought of the Normal School may intrude. We can leave Miss Thraves nothing better than some one to act as guard at the infirmary door to keep out all visitors who have not had permission to enter. To Mr. Cox we bequeath the best fishing tackle in Farmville, and several holidays in the spring ; to Mrs. Jamison, three hundred and sixty girls, not one of whom is ever guilty of asking the eternal question, "Can we get some more?" To "Aunt Patty" and Miss Allen, girls who never crowd around the mail-box ; to Mrs. Newby, the love and admiration of every girl in our class.

Item X. To the Faculty Gymnasium class we bequeath a set of shades for the windows opposite those of the new building ; to the Schedule Committee, a perennial schedule, with no conflicts, and with everybody satisfied. Upon our fellow-students we feelingly and lovingly bestow a set of pass-keys to unlock the many locked doors, also hymn books enough to go around at chapel.

Item XI To the maid-servants of the institution we bequeath a carload of brooms, brushes, and pails, and a few more hours of the day in which they may be engaged in their favorite occupation of wielding them.

Item XII. To meet the urgent demands of "The Guidon" Staff, we leave them a number of poets and story writers. Our many thanks to the beloved Y. W. C. A. are accompanied by a prayer that it may be to all others what it has been to us.

Item XIII. To the Senior A's we leave the responsibility of being a Senior B, and the honor of receiving congratulations at the next reception.

We hereby constitute Dr. Peter Winston executor of this, our last will and testament, in witness whereof we have set hereunto our hand and seal, this twenty-seventh day of January, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and six.

Witnesses :

Florence Ingram

Pearle Vaughn

Gertrude King,

Executrix.

Class of June, '06

Motto :—Ex porto in mare.

Colors:—Confederate gray and gold

Flower:—Marechal Niel Rose

Honorary Member:—Dr. J. F. Messenger

Officers

President	Isa McKay Compton
Vice-President	Mary Preston
Secretary	Maud Mason
Treasurer	Gertrude Burton

Yell!

Hoo! Rah! Ray!
Hoo! Rah! Ray!
Naughty Sixies
Gold and Gray!
Boom! Rah!
Virginia!

J. F. MESSENGER, PH D.

Senior B Class of June, '06

A. MERLE ABBITT

"Thoughts of thy clear-eyed duty,
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong,
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee."

LOUISE ADAMS

"A maiden fair without pretense."

FLORIDA ASHBY

"Superior wisdom is superior bliss."

NELLIE MAE BAKER

"A sweet, modest little soul, shedding a blessing everywhere by her purity."

GERTIE INSKEEP BOWERS

"I'll be merry and free—
I'll be sad for nobody."

CARRIE LEE BULL

"She sighed and looked unutterable things."

GERTRUDE BURTON

"Thou lackest not Friendship's spell-word, nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law."

MARY LILLIAN BLAIR

"Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute."

MARGRET PAGE BRYDON

"Of softest manners, unaffected mind;
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind."

STEPTOE CHRISTIAN CAMPBELL

"I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest."

ISA McKAY COMPTON

"That true and loving heart—that gift
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,
Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,
It's sunny light on all around."

BEVIE COX

"For worth is more than being merely seen or heard."

SALLIE COX

"She ever doeth well her duty."

EDNA COX

"The blessings of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew."

MARY ANDERSON COLEMAN

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn,
From May-time and the cheerful dawn."

ANNIE BELLE DOBIE

"She hath always a cheerful face,
An excellent thing in this world."

CARRIE PEARL DUNGAN

"A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon."

MARGARET CAMPBELL FARISH

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

MARGARET ISABELL HENDERSON

"Her face is like the milky way in the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

ELISE SAUNDERS HOLLAND

"Wise to resolve, and patient to reform."

MARY ELIZABETH HOWARD

"Her smile was like a rainbow flashing from a misty sky."

LELIA MADISON JACKSON

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

SARAH ELIZABETH JONES

"The maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners."

BESSIE VELMA JUSTIS

"Known to few but prized as far as known."

LIZZIE B. KIZER

"Revealings deep and clear are
thine of wealthy smiles."

ZOULA DANIEL
LABOYTEAUX

"How much lies in laughter!"

FRANCES LITTLEPAGE
LEWELLING

"A fair maiden, clothed with celestial grace."

MAUD A. MASON

"All that ever was joyous, clear, and
Fresh; thy music doth surpass."

JULIA HOWLAND MASSEY

"Thou as Heaven art fair and young,
Thine eyes like twin stars shining."

BESSIE EDMONIA McCRAW

"In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth."

VIRGIE CLARE McCUE

"But, oh! the teacher as she taught
Yet grew and grew more lovely still,
And far the noblest work she wrought
Was this—she schooled a perfect will."

FRANCES L. MUNDEN

"And her rich voice is the voice of a summer bird."

VERGIE EMMA NUNN

"Thou must dwell with me to
heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow."

MARY PRESTON

"She is the gentlest of all gentle
things."

PAGE HENLEY PIERCE

"She hath a pleasant word
And smile for everyone."

ANNIE LAURA REYNOLDS

"She is virtuous as she is fair."

MARY ELIZABETH REDD

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

DORTHY ROGERS

"The secret of life—it is giving,—
To minister and to serve."

CLARA CHARLOTTE SANDERLIN

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command."

ADA MAY SMITH

"Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth refined,
Entire affection for all human kind."

RHEA CLARKE SCOTT

"See what grace is seated on her brow."

ELIZABETH C. VERSER

"My duty is done,
My conscience is clear."

MARY THOMAS

"For never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Beginning in perfect innocence."

EMMA LAWSON WARING

"All that is great and good is done by patient trying."

MARY GRACE WALTON

"She has sweetness all her own."

PAULINE BROOKS WILLIAMSON

"True to herself,
True to her friends,
True to her duty, always."

MAMIE ELIZABETH WOODSON

"The constant quiet fills my peaceful breast
With unmixed joy, uninterrupted rest."

HARRIETT ELIZABETH RICHARDSON

"Skin more fair, more glorious head, and far more glorious hair."

HATTIE JAKE KELLY

S. N. S. For Me

Tune : "Tokio"

I

When you're there you will declare
That not a college can compare
With S. N. S., dear S. N. S.
When we came it was our aim
To win a dip and highest fame
In S. N. S., great S. N. S.
For the novelty of everything
Impressed us so at first,
We imagined that forever we could stay,
But we soon became so homesick,
That we wanted to go home quick,
And we longed for our dear ones far away.

Chorus :

S. N. S., S. N. S., with your girls so fair,
Redolent with knowledge, and with high and mighty air.
S. N. S., S. N. S., with your teachers wise,
Spreading knowledge everywhere.
S. N. S., S. N. S., lovely is the sight,
Dazzling with the radiance of the clever Normalite,
Charms like these, if you please, always give me,
S. N. S. for me.

II

Every day that glides away
But makes the shorter here our stay
At S. N. S., fair S. N. S. ;
But we hate to leave schoolmates,
Endowed with many noble traits,
At S. N. S., dear S. N. S.
All the girls are sweet and charming,
And the men are not so bad,
But Virginia's schools are calling us away.
Now we've found that life is duty,
When we thought it was all beauty,
So alas! we must hasten on our way.

History of the Class of June, 1906

HISTORY is a record of past events; so the history of a class ought to be very dear to the hearts of each member of that class, for, in after years, how comforting it will be to have some permanent record setting forth the events of our school life.

Our class of '06 is rather a mixed class. Some of us have climbed the steep road of knowledge from the Training School: some have entered the academic course and thus had some four years of preparation; while a little crowd of us, having graduated from High Schools, entered here only for the two years in the professional course. But while we are thus a mixed class in structure, we are all united in having a common aim, and a common goal toward which we have striven and are still striving.

We love our last year of school life best, I think, therefore the events which crowd into the last session are more important to us. The former years now seem rather flat and uninteresting when compared with our latter glories.

So the curtain rises on us as Senior A's. We came back in September feeling rather more important than we did last year. Could it be possible that we would be Senior B's in February? How pleasing to be considered the first class in school, and be able to name on our fingers the long list of classes below ours. What girl is there who does not feel "mighty and wise" when she hears a crowd of under class girls point her out as a "Senior"? She can't help feeling self-conscious, try as she may

Our first social glory as Seniors was when we, with the Senior B's, entertained the Juniors at a Spinster Tea in the kindergarten. Shall we ever forget that night? We dressed in black and powdered our hair and felt that we had made a brave showing. Our glory was not in the least diminished when some of us were told that we were so much improved in looks that we ought to pose as spinsters all the time. We just smiled in a superior manner at such remarks. We did the honors well. True, we did like to test the strength of the chocolate oftener than was absolutely necessary; but we were afraid that it might become too weak, as each fresh supply appeared. It must have been tested thoroughly, though, for the President said it was the best chocolate he had ever drunk. We heard this on reliable testimony—and what more could be desired? That tea scored us one triumph.

Time flashed by and the holiday season was upon us. A great many went home but a good little handful of us were left in Farmville We shall be expressing it mildly when we say that we spent a very happy Christmas.

Then came January and commencement for the Senior B's—and then we were at last full-fledged Senior B's. What joy filled our hearts! We organized our class for the last time. How important we felt, and how anxiously we went over the different names to see who would make the best officers. I think all agreed that we could not get a better or more energetic president than Isa Compton Surely the hearts of her classmates do safely trust in her. We love, too, our calm, dignified vice-president, Mary Preston.

After organizing, of course, came the glory of having regular class meetings. How we reveled in them at first! How superior it sounded to say so that it re-echoed far

down the halls, "I can't go down town with you, I must go to class-meeting." The novelty wore off after a little, though we would not have acknowledged it outside of class for worlds. We had some heated discussions in those now dear class meetings once in a while, but we always parted at peace with each other.

While a great many of our class were required to teach only one term in the Training School, we professional students under the new catalogue were required to teach two terms. And what good times we did have strolling up and down the Training School hall with a bosom friend at morning, recess, and noon, discussing various things not pertaining to the school room. If you had asked us why we were thus strolling in the hall instead of going out into the bright, beautiful sunshine, we, no doubt would have smiled pityingly at your ingnorance and informed you that we were monitors. Even if you didn't know exactly what a monitor was, the glory was there just the same. One little pupil-teacher, who was to be monitor for the coming week anxiously inquired of a wise monitor—who had just fulfilled her week's duties—what she was required to do. The wise one made reply: "Oh, it is perfectly delightful! I get something interesting to read and go down to the end of the hall where I can see everything at a glance and then I have a lovely, quiet time reading." The little pupil-teacher had a hopeful expression on her face as she departed to tell the good news to a friend, for she never could find time to read anything lighter than Education and Psychology.

"The Training School!" What fond recollections are called up by the name. Surely here there is something in a name, for no other school could ever be so dear to us as this one has been. Here we have learned wisdom and understanding in many things. One girl actually learned the difference between a caterpillar and a worm, while another girl would never commit the unpardonable mistake of saying that a caterpillar laid eggs. Why even the Second Grade children would laugh her to scorn if she did.

Some of our class have won lasting laurels in teaching nature study. Ask our fair Ralutatorian, Pauline, how to teach about salamanders. She and Nellie Baker fairly revel in toads, fishworms, and caterpillars, but Mary Thomas would rather teach about the beautiful things in nature, the flowers and the trees.

On a glad day we got our tickets for the first term's work. What a queer sensation came over us as we closed our hands upon them. We actually shut our eyes till we could summon courage enough to look at them. How happy we were when we found that all had passed! We were especially glad to get our tickets on teaching.

A very noteworthy event was our first Seminar How fine it was not to have to go to our rooms at 7 o'clock as the other girls did! "Why are you standing on the halls talking so loudly when the study bell has rung?" asked some lower class girl. "Oh, we are going to our Seminar," we would reply. That was sufficient. The poor unfortunate one would gasp at the word, look at us with round, terror-stricken eyes and flee. The word "Seminar" itself would be enough to quench any inquisitor. We were thus allowed to proceed in peace. Can we ever forget our first regular Seminar meeting? The girls were so wrought up over the importance of it (and especially the name) that they got rather hysterical. One absent minded girl presented a bouquet of flowers to a speaker before she had finished her paper, thus causing confusion and suppressed giggles among the members. We grew wiser, though, and at our last meeting we could look each other in the eyes with such a deeply intellectual expression that you would have marveled at it. And then we were actually not afraid to express our opinions in public. Experience is a great teacher.

We have some talented members in our class. Our president has won the first great honor, that of valedictorian of our class, while she has also distinguished herself in her literary productions. The second honor, that of salutatorian, has been conferred on Pauline Williamson. She is well worthy of this honor, and we rejoice in her success.

Maud Mason, our popular glass secretary, can move stones and hills with the sweetness of her music. And Steptoe, why, she actually knows the difference between a tone and a shade much to the delight of our teacher of drawing. I think she also must have used just the right *tone* to win her way into some one's heart as well. Then the drawings of Gertrude Burton and Merle Abbitt! Why the Second Grade fairly gasps at the wonder of them.

Ask the First Grade who can tell them marvelous stories that fairly make the hair stand on end, and they will answer in one voice : "Miss Kizer, our sweet Miss Kizer." The little ones hang upon her words.

Who, after looking into the deep brown eyes of Gertie Bowers, can wonder that her Sixth Grade were devoted to her. Many will be indebted to her for their "upright carriage" acquired when she taught them penmanship.

Then we have some writers. Our modest little Sallie Jones can write thrilling Indian stories. Our Editor-in-chief of the Annual, Carrie Dangan, also, can write romances of so moving a character that you can't help believing that some were taken from actual experience.

Who can ever take Dorothy Rogers' place as treasurer? She certainly was wiser than most women—for she could hold on to money with an iron hand

The winter and early spring wore away only too rapidly, for we had much to do. "Can it be possible that we are so near our goal?" we asked ourselves. Yet so many tasks were ahead of us before we reached the "haven of school girls' dreams", that we almost despaired of ever dropping anchor there. A great many little pleasures met us along our busy every day life and these cheered us. Our teacher of Education always told us never to remember more than three things at a time : so three exciting events are recorded here as happening about the same time. I refer to basket ball first. Great honor and fame came to some of our members during the basket ball season. Didn't we fairly exult over the victories of our Steptoe, Grace Walton, Elizabeth Verser and Vergie Nunn? And then to think of Steptoe's team winning the championship, with Grace Walton's second. The second event recorded is Grace Walton's entertaining some of our number at a "Spinster Tea." We spent a glorious evening all to ourselves. The hardest thing we had to do during those hours of pleasure was to write a short poem on *man*. This developed the fact that we had a poet right in our midst without knowing it. Sallie Cox won the prize, a handsome picture of a spinster, for having the best poem, while Lizzie Kizer, as usual, got the booby—a little chocolate man. The memory of that evening and the many delicious things to eat, will long live in our memories.

The third event recorded is our play, "The Spinster's Return," in which our class covered itself with glory. Many were impressed with our costumes on that memorable evening and the grace and ease with which we went through with our parts. The names of Margret Henderson, Virgie Nunn, Florida Ashby and others will long be remembered through their success on that night. We were proud of our class and we had a right to be. Page Pierce's good advice to us that night encouraged us greatly. It was, "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more, men are deceivers ever."

We shall disregard our worthy teacher's advice this once, and include a fourth event, which, though last recorded was not the least of our social pleasures. Our matron,

Mrs. Cochran, gave our class a series of delightful teas on several Saturday afternoons. We enjoyed and appreciated these cozy little "At Homes" more than we can express.

Life has not been exactly a bed of roses during the past few months. Some one aptly remarked, "You can tell a Senior B any time by the worried expression on her face." We realized forcefully that we were "Pillars of the State" and had a great deal to uphold. We began, too, to see the meaning of our motto: "Out of the port into the sea." We surely felt that our grasp on our Alma Mater was weakening, while the broad sea–life–was stretching far out before us. Whether we sail or sink depends upon ourselves; for

"Straight from our mighty bow this truth is driven,
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

As we look back over our year's work, we feel that we have not striven in vain. We have gained a fuller, richer life during our stay at the Normal School, and we feel hopeful of the future with its possibilities.

And now our last night is here.

Are we happy? Last year, as Juniors, we looked incredulous when the Seniors said they were sorry to leave, and actually wept over going. Now we are standing where they stood one short year ago; and we, too, are sorry to leave our dear old school and our teachers. How many tender recollections spring up as we look back over our school life, especially our last year!

Now we surely have come to the port at last. Does the ocean look strange, and wide, and angry as we embark? Or do we see it lying peaceful, serene and inviting in the sunlight?

Our pages are now filled, our records here are ended. Let each of us bear away with us this thought to help us in our future work:

"Thou must be true thyself
If thou another soul would reach;
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the life full speech."

Virgie Clare McCue.

Class Poem

Our morning now is dawning,
And with eager eyes are we
Standing by life's ocean,
And are gazing o'er life's sea.
Our ship for us is waiting,
In port it now does rest,
But now ere many hours
It must the billows breast.

Its sails are now unfurling,
And my classmates, soon shall we
Be borne by this our ship,
"Out of port, into the sea."
A bright and happy voyage
We hope awaits each one;
For here we have prepared for it,
And have our task well done.

In future years, as we go on,
'Tis not joy alone we'll find,
For many struggles we shall have,
When we leave these walls behind.
'Tis not for joy alone we wish,
But all do this desire—
To triumph in the struggles;
Of duty never to tire.

The years of work that we have spent
With our Alma Mater dear,
Will help us through the coming years,
Our standard to higher rear,
And help us on to gain success,
However may be our life.
They'll brighter make our joys and hopes;
They will help us in our strife.

Our thoughts turn back to scenes now past,
For, Alma Mater, we soon must part;
The years that we have spent with thee
Will live forever in the heart.
We'll ever love the gray and gold,
And the year nought-six shall be
A beacon light to guide us
"Out of port into the sea."

NELLIE BAKER

Prophecy of the Class of June, 1906

"As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design,
I see the smiling faces of those old classmates of mine."

How sweet to recall happy days gone by, and in this way to live again in fancy those hours which can never come again in reality. And for me what could be sweeter, dearer and more lasting than the days of seniorhood spent within the halls of the State Normal School, and with the class of June, '06? Now that my classmates go forth from our Alma Mater, some to carry on the work begun here, some to make homes happy with their bright faces, and others to climb a few more rounds in the ladder of fame, it only remains for me to muse o'er what the future holds in store for the class of June, '06, which passes before me glittering in gold and and gray.

First, I see a student's room at Vassar, and here working away happily is Isa Comptom, our president, solving great and mighty problems. She is not alone, however, for there is Lizzie Kizer, laughing and chattering as in happy school-girl days at the S. N. S. How familiar it seems! I would fain stop these two and ask them more about their work, but they quickly pass.

I stand now before a statue in the Hall of fame, a statue of one of the greatest artists since the days of Christy and Gibson. As I stop to admire it, I read this inscription carved upon its surface, "Steptoe C. Campbell, State Normal School, '06" By its side stand other marbles of equal beauty and renown, one of another artist, Merle Abbitt, and the other of a great and noted pianist Maud Mason.

I should like to linger within this Hall, but another scene calls my attention. It is a crowded theater. Someone is singing and as I lean forward to catch a glimpse of the wonderful singer I recognize our class mate, Frances Munden. Her sweet song ends, and there appears an actress, Virgie McCue, whose fame has spread far and near I hastily take from my belt a Marechal Niel rose to throw to her. Does she remain true to her Alma Mater. Has she forgotten us in her hour of triumph? If so, this, her class flower will serve as a gentle reminder. I rise in my seat to send the token, but she disappears as the others before her have done, and I am again left to my musings.

By the side of a dusty lane proudly stands a schoolhouse; in the distance loom the walls of an academy; and then a college rears its lofty towers above the tree tops. There Margaret Farish, Page Pierce, Annie Reynolds, Bessie Justis and Lillian Blair, have gained prominence because they have so wisely trained the youthful minds of our future statesmen, philosophers, and presidents.

These scenes suggest to me Alma Mater, and, through memory of the social gatherings we used to hold in the Manual Training room when we met for class, or thoughts of some unfinished work waiting to be completed by a certain day, I naturally wander to this place. I am met by Zoula La Bayteaux, now the teacher of the work which, to our surprise, always held so many attractions for her.

In Science Hall I catch a glimpse of Pauline Williamson expounding nature to her heart's content, and in the Training School Mary Thomas reigns as supervisor of the fourth Grade.

At the Randolph-Macon Woman's College, I see Miss Redd filling with honor the chair of reading and Literature, and Mamie Woodson winning laurels for herself as "Gym" teacher.

I am not surprised to find Elizabeth Richardson and Rhea Scott trying to introduce kindergartens into the public schools of Virginia, and they have the hearty cooperation of the state superintendent—Carrie Bull.

And Clara Sanderlin! She is not satisfied with two diplomas from the State Normal School. I see her still drinking at the fountain of knowledge, and in a few years she will win her Ph. D. at the University of Chicago.

Slowly these dear faces fade and the future next discloses a magnificently furnished club room. Here presiding with great dignity is—who, would you suppose? Why, Vergie Nunn, of course! Again I hear these familiar words as she raps for silence, "Come to order, sisters," and among the sisters I recognize Gertrude Burton, Julia Massey, Frances Lewelling and Edna Cox, the leading club women of America.

The scenes change rapidly now, and in quick succession pass Sallie Jones, the noted authoress, Nellie Baker, the poet of the day, Carrie Dungan, a lecturer on Woman's Rights, and Bernie Smith, a travelling Secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

Then I see our twins, Sallie and Bevie Cox, disappearing down the corridor of life as Red Cross nurses, and they need only a war to make them go down in history as famous as Florence Nightingale.

In distant lands Dorothy Rogers, Mary Preston, and Margaret Brydon are living their lives for their fellow-men. What a grand and noble work! And as I see their untiring labors, there comes to my heart a feeling of pride to think they were members of the class of June '06, and are thus doing such honor to it.

But while they were toiling in other fields, are we idle here at home? As if in answer to my question, there appears one whom we knew in school days as Elsie Holland, now a Methodist preacher's wife. She, with the help of a city missionary, one May Smith by name, is sowing the loving seeds of kindness among the thousands of poor in the great metropolis.

Before I have time to ponder on the scenes just examined, I hear sounds of applause and someone stands quite near, proudly waving on high a white banner with the name "Walton" written upon it. Grace has reached the summit of her ambition, for is she not at last the Champion basket ball player of the State Normal School?

The sounds of applause and cheers die way in the distance, and the strains of sweet music come from a hall. Here among the dancers' happy throng, the most popular of all, are Mary Coleman, Hattie Kelly and Lelia Jackson. Down the aisle of life they go joyously dancing, scattering happiness and sunshine wherever they pass, ever loved and ever lovely.

I now hear sweeter music, the ringing of distant wedding bells. What message are they bringing me? One by one they tell clear and sweet the names of our brides, Emma Waring, Margaret Henderson and Bess Howard.

The scene shifts again. This time I see Gertie Bowers and Belle Dobie, the same happy girls as they were when they left our Alma Mater, with not a care for to-day, not an anxiety for to-morrow. May the future prove as kind a friend to them, as the past has done, is the earnest wish of their classmate.

Florida Ashby, Louise Adams and Bessie McCraw remain true and loyal to the Spinster Club, their lives happy and useful, their doors ever open to receive their friends. Any who contemplate spinsterhood find in them warm and sympathizing sisters.

I have now turned the last page in my album of dreams, and here endeth the Prophecy of the Class of June, '06. No one has dipped into the future of our prophet; it remains a story yet to be told. Will she be a writer? This question the future does answer for her and it is, "No!"

ELIZABETH C. VERSER.

Last Will and Testament of the Senior B Class of June, 1906

WE the June class of 1906, of the State Normal School, Farmville, Virginia, being about to depart this school life, and being in sound mind and in full possession of our faculties—though not of our Faculty—do hereby give and bequeath to those we are leaving behind the following treasures :

ITEM I. To Dr. J. F. Messenger, our honorary member, we give one of the new graduate pins, with the gratitude and esteem of every member of our class. To Mr. Jarman we leave a package of the very best grass seed with the hope that he may have it sown on our own campus.

ITEM II. To Miss Woodruff we bequeath a list of the Senior A's we think can best teach the subjects of the Seventh and Eighth Grades ; to Miss Dunn, a pen that writes "vertical" automatically ; to Miss Pierce, a new chain and key for the Sixth Grade case ; to Miss Haliburton, a picture of the Second Grade children.

ITEM III. We know that Miss Andrews wishes something to remind her of all the work she has put upon THE VIRGINIAN this year, so we bequeath her a copy of it, in appreciation of what she has done for us.

ITEM IV. To Miss Blackiston we leave a new method of drawing parallels and meridians, hoping that she may not have as much trouble in the future as she has had in the past ; to Miss Lancaster, minute directions concerning how to travel from here to her boarding house, so that she may not be lost if she should ever have to walk there alone.

ITEM V. To Miss London we bequeath a new arithmetic, with the hope that she may never have another Senior A arithmetic class in which there are any Senior B's ; to Miss Gwyn, a new Delineator of Roman and Greek costumes ; to Miss Whiting, a copy of all the "Guidons" of this year, and all the programs of the two Literary Societies. Perhaps she may find something new and interesting in them.

ITEM VI. To Miss Rice we leave a complete history of missions ; also the gratitude of our whole class for the impressions of love on our minds—*amo, amas, amat,* of course. To Miss Hills we leave a picture of the five basket ball teams that have reached such prominence under her training ; to Miss Vennie Cox, a new pattern for her raffia hats, since we know the diamonds of this one meet her everywhere she goes, grinning at her efforts to get them out of her sight.

ITEM VII. To Miss Smithey we give explicit directions for training the vocal cords so that "r's" can be rolled with perfect ease ; to Miss Snow a specimen of a new kind of caterpillar, discovered by one of the observant members of our class. To Dr. Sears we gladly give a set of test questions on Civics which allows a little more than one minute to each question.

ITEM VIII. To Mr. Mattoon we jointly and severally bequeath a map of all the region around Farmville, with cross marks wherever we think he can get photographs ; to Miss Coulling, a picture of S. C. C. ; to Miss Winston, a plan for a model private laboratory for Margaret Sharp.

ITEM IX. To Miss Alleen Andrews we bequeath suggestions as to where she can get even more information on the subject, "Music: Its Place in the Public Schools." Since Miss Dugger is always afraid one does not "understand," we have answers to her question, "Don't you see?" which we hope will satisfy her. To Miss Sutherlin we leave a tennis racket, hoping she may become even more of an expert player than she is now; to Miss Harrison, a calendar forecasting days suitable for taking little boys fishing; to Miss Hiner, a list of classes she might take, as she seems so fond of work, also a plan for a school calendar we feel sure will find ready sale, the proceeds to be given to the Building Fund; to Miss Blandy, Miss Haliburton's permission to observe as much as she pleases in the first grade next year, since we know she cannot stay away from her now beloved little tots all the time; to Miss Tabb, a flexible ruler insured against breaking, even when nervous hands toy with it in her office on Sunday nights.

ITEM X. To Mrs. Cochran we leave suggestions about how to spend the summer where she will not even see a girl; to Miss Mary White Cox, a picture of "The Baby of the White House"; to Miss Allen, a little machine that says "All in? Good night."

ITEM XI. We lovingly bequeath to Mrs. Jamison an answer to the question that must worry her exceedingly, "Why do school girls have such big appetites?" Upon Miss Thraves we bestow a thermometer, to be hung just inside the infirmary door; to Mrs Newby, souvenirs of all the feasts in which we Seniors took a prominent part. With them we give our heartiest wishes that she may have a pretty room in the new building next year. To Dr. Winston we leave one of his own pill boxes, filled to the brim with the gratitude of the whole class for his many acts of kindness in times of need; to Mr. Cox, a companion for Rock and Rye; to Mrs. Thackston, a wagon in which to convey girls to the station when their seemingly numberless relatives pass through Farmville.

ITEM XII. To the future Senior B's we very willingly bequeath our criticism books. Perhaps they may find something to help them over the rough places they must surely travel. To "The Guidon" staff we generously give all the literary matter left over from our Annual; to the Argus Literary Society, a few suggestions as to how to study Tennyson; to the Cunningham, a few points about Mr. Longfellow.

ITEM XII. To our beloved Alma Mater we bequeath this statue of "Minerva," the goddess of wisdom. Though we know it can never repay the debt of gratitude we owe our school, yet it can stand here, as a memorial of our love and devotion.

We hereby constitute Carrie Dungan executor of this, our last will and testament, in witness whereof we have set hereunto our hand and seal, this the 4th day of June, in the year nineteen hundred and six.

CLASS OF 1906 OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Witness:

Mary Preston
Julia Howland Massey
Bernie Smith

Life's Awakening

As one who wakes from vague, phantastic dreams
To certain knowledge of the noon-day light,
Am I; and while I slept, I did not know
The depth and breadth and length of waking life.
Suddenly I awoke, I know not how;
Mayhap the time of nature's waking came,
Or touch, or sound disturbed my mental sleep:
My mind's eye oped, and lo! in majesty
The broad expanse of Life's great ocean shone.

Vast, limitless, it stretched till ached the eye
With looking. Calm, peaceful, its surface lay,
Gently moving—the calm of conscious power;
Its low, yet overwhelming undertone
Gave full assurance of its awful might.
My very heart stood still, and filled to break
With satisfying joy that yet was pain.
I longed to be upon its mighty breast;
Earth seemed receding, as though 'twere dissolved
Upon the Ocean's tongue, and I swept out
Far on its waving plane. The shore of dreams,
Whose mists and clouds had long obscured my sight,
Gladly I left behind, with ne'er a sigh,
And no regret save for the time lost there.

Grace Thorpe, '09

Second A Class

Motto: "A posse ad esse."

Colors: Navy blue and red Flower: Orange blossom

Officers

President - - - - - - - - Lizzie Batten
Vice-President - - - - - - - Maybelle Hearring
Secretary - - - - - - - - - Lou Nance
Treasurer - - - - - - - - Reva Hamilton

Class Roll

Lizzie Batten
Nannie Boyd
Mary Brightwell
Hannah Chapman
Ella Dillard
Emma Edwards
Jacque Etheridge
Reva Hamilton
Maybelle Hearring
Rufenia Irby
Annie Jacob
Ora Linkous
Emma Matthews
Edith Minor
Lou Nance
Annie Patteson
Ruth Scarborough
Iris Stembridge
Lillian Still
Hattie Turner
Pearl Townsend
Atala Walker

SECOND A CLASS

New Junior B Class

Motto: "In yonder vineyard lies a treasure; let us dig for it."

Flower: La France rose

Colors: Pure gray and old rose

Officers

President, Anne Richardson
Vice-President, Carrie Kyle
Secretary, Gertrude Davidson
Treasurer, Florence Barr

Class Roll

Alice Castle
Clara Colton
Florence Barr
Katherine Britton
Flora Bruce
Gertrude Davidson
Elizabeth Edwards
Leona Ellington
Mary Holt
*Lillian Jones
Carrie Kyle
Annie Lancaster
Mae Marshall
Nellie Moreland
Anne Richardson
Louise Semones
Mary Steger
Clara Smith
Hazel Thompson
Susie Wright

*Absent when picture was taken.

NEW JUNIOR B CLASS

Old Junior B Class

Motto :—"To be, rather than to seem"

Flower :—Narcissus

Colors :—Old gold and crimson

Officers

Myrtle Rea	President
Carrie Mason	Vice-President
Vernie Blankinship	Secretary
Fannie Christian	Treasurer

Class Roll

Josie Baker
Caroline Bayley
Vernie Blankinship
Mollie Byerley
Rosa Caldwell
Fannie Christian
Hattie Crute
Elizabeth Davis
Belle Dunton
Louise Farinholt
Lois Watkins
Mary Glasgow
Eleanor Jamison
Julia Kent
Ethel Ligon
Janet Mahon
Carrie Mason
Myrtle Rea
Margaret Tucker
Alma Walker
Lockett Walton

OLD JUNIOR B CLASS

New Third B Class

Motto : "Excelsior" Flower : American Beauty rose

Colors : Red and white

Officers

President - - - -	Blanche Madeleine Gentry
Vice-President - - -	Mary Mosby Stephens
Secretary - - - -	Nellie Tyler Boatwright
Treasurer - - - -	Florence Baker Rawlings

Class Roll

Nellie Boatwright
Ophelia Bray
Margaret Brown
Alice Carter
Mary Sue Claybrook
Susie Cox
Sudie Davis
Lillie Delp
Blanche Gentry
Louise J. Jones
Ida King
Ethel La Boyteaux
Martha Hoy
Ethel Mills
Ruth Obenshain
Mary Perkins
Florence Rawlings
Maria Shugert
Nellie Smith
Marian Snavely
Chloe Snow
Mary Stephens
Mamie Jones
Mary Terrell
Elaine Toms

NEW THIRD B CLASS

Our Fads and Failings

First B's : Accompanying teachers to the Y. W. C. A. ; spending too much time on geography ; an honorary member ; and a class pin.

Many, many girls : V. P. I. pennants, hats, hatpins, belt buckles,—even "V. P. I." test papers—treasures that must be saved from flame and flood by taking them down the fire escape in one's arms.

Margaret Sharpe : Borrowing books and forgetting to return them ; entering chapel late.

The Faculty : Giving "tests" and sending "notes."

Estelle Fitchett : Going home with a different teacher every day.

Senior B's : Having their pictures made for the Annual ; taking tests on civics.

Blanche G —— : Quizzing the teacher of physics.

Various and sundry girls and teachers : A fancy for badges, the one wearing the greatest number on the left shoulder being considered the most popular.

Eva W's rommate : Having the alarm clock go off every morning at six, whether she wishes to get up or not.

Ladies of the faculty : Athletics.

Wirt Davidson : Badging teachers with her society pin.

Scores and scores : The "loving" fad. Every girl must be "crazy" about some girl or a teacher, and send notes, candy, flowers and photographs to her "special."

Training school children : Futurity books.

Kodak fiends : Three dozen different views of "the sweetest thing in the world."

Mary Stephens : A daily visit to "Uncle Pat's."

High-minded girls : See-sawing.

Home department : A weakness for "setting on" girls.

Supervisors : Writing criticims and teaching model lessons.

The most taking fad in April : La Grippe.

Second B's particular hobby : Topical reviews in general history.

Vivian B——— and Belle B———: Long lines of neat "A's" in Miss Hills' grade book.

Room Number 2 : Never in bed at ten o'clock.

A spring fad : Cornfield "panamas," plain or plaid, encircled by brilliant bandanas.

Julia P——— : A tender love for stray cats.

Girls in general : "Skipping" breakfast on Sunday morning.

"Lavenders'" greatest "failing" : Winning the championship.

Pupil teachers: Pacing up and down the training school halls, with plan books under their arms, and faces like two rainy days.

Marietta K———: Leaving a book in Miss London's class room after each recitation so that she may go back for it.

Girls of the "White House": Inviting teachers to 9.30 "midnight feasts."

Lucy W———, Katherine P———, Lillian R———: Seeing that Miss Lancaster never goes home alone.

Class in education; Telling Dr. M——— that they "do not understand the philosophy of it."

Grace B– –l–: Buying up old hats—if she can get them for twenty-five cents.

Leonardine W———: Reflections—of herself!

Lockett W–lt–n and Eva M–ll–r: Inability to see why waterfalls are not a great disadvantage to farmers. (?)

Myrtle Rea, Alice Carter, Lelia Hatcher, Wirt Davidson, Julia Spain, Vernie Blankinship: Arguing on "Predestination" and "Infant Baptism."

"The Guidon": Coming out late.

The fad of fads, from First B to Senior B: Making raffia hats, and daisy neck-chains.

The stylish ones: Elbow sleeves—morning, noon and night.

VERNIE BLANKINSHIP AND OTHERS, '07.

Old Third B Class

Motto : "Ad caelum per dura."

Flower : Trailing arbutus Colors : Buff and green

Officers

President, Bessie Sampson

Vice-President, Myrtle Grenels

Secretary, Mary Spencer

Treasurer, Maggie Taylor

Class Roll

Grace Beale
Grace Clements
Myrtle Grenels
Mildred Price
Bessie Sampson
Julia Spain
Mary Spencer
Maggie Taylor
Lucy Warburton

Third A Class

Motto : "Palma non sine pulvere." Flower : Buttercup

Colors : Navy blue and orange

Officers

President - - - -	Wirt Davidson
Vice-President - - -	Mollie Mauzy
Secretary - - - -	Mary Adams
Treasurer - - -	Isabelle Harrison

Class Roll

Mary Adams
Bessie Anderson
Boothe Bland
Martha Blanton
Minnie Blanton
Mattie Bowles
Lollie Crittenden
Wirt Davidson
Ida Fretwell
Mattie Fretwell
Geraldine Graham
Nora Garrett
Isabelle Harrison
Bernice Howard
Mattie Hubbard
Helen Jordan
Mollie Mauzy
Fannie Moore
Blanche Nidermaier
Jessie Nidermaier
Katherine Pennybacker
Katherine Perry
Lucy Robins
Edith Rogers
Mabel Shuman
Susan Stone
Helen Steed
Lula Sutherlin
Graham Trent
Margaret Wiatt

THIRD A CLASS

To the Office!

"WELL, Grace, did you hear my name read out in chapel this morning? Go to the office again at the short recess! What do you suppose can be the matter now? The first time, you remember, I was in such a tangle trying to have my schedule made out; everything conflicted. I ran to the president to straighten out my troubles, and hadn't been in his office two minutes before I was bawling, and until this day I can see Miss Secretary laughing at my serious predicament, and hear her saying, 'Well, I've seen girls weep about many things; but never before have I heard one cry because she couldn't get enough work.'

"You were with me that time when we had to go to render our excuses for having been absent from chapel—a test at eight o'clock.

"Two weeks went swiftly by and perhaps two more, but the 'note' came, then to the office, perforce, the next morning—with swollen eyes—to 'show my disposition.'

"Then the Horse Show took place in Lynchburg. I feasted my mind on the thought of those reduced rates as long as I could stand it, and then back to Mr. President. Victory once more—though without a tear, this time.

"But fate was against me the next visit, for, after all my begging, he wouldn't consent to my going home one day earlier at Easter.

"Again, my 'friend from home' wished to come to see me one Sunday afternoon. This is against our 'Rules and Regulations,' so our beloved President had to be consulted. My! it took courage this time—but I was happy when Sunday afternoon came.

"Since I have lived through all these visits to the office, do you think I need fear the approach of the short recess to-day?

MYRTLE REA, '07.

Locked Out

She has been out nearly two hours looking for botany specimens. Very tired and hungry, she at last hurries toward school. At the top of the hill she is startled by a familiar, but far away sound.

Is that the bell? No? Yes! She must walk faster. It will never do for her to miss her supper.

Faster, faster! Every girl has left the campus! Must she really forget her dignity and run?

Well perhaps she does, perhaps she doesn't—anyway, she reaches the dining-room door, with cap awry, side-combs gone, her hair streaming about her shoulders, and her face moist and crimson.

What! Is the door actually closing in her face? She hears the lock click. "Oh, who cares!" she murmurs, forgetting her tell-tale tresses, and ignoring a half-suppressed giggle from two maids, standing by; "I'm not hungry one bit; I don't want any supper; I know they won't have anything good, anyway!

MARY SUE CLAYBROOK, '09.

How to Prepare a Lesson

Here is a thoroughly practical and methodical plan for preparing your regular lessons. Listen !

When the study bell rings, just as soon as you can finish your conversation with your best friend, hurry to your room, slip on your kimono, brush out your hair, and sit down by the table. Search for your book amid the disorderly pile your room-mates always keep there. Go back to the dresser for a pencil, because, you know, you cannot study well without one in your hand ; then open your book and look for the marks, which, as a careful student, you have placed to show where the lesson begins and ends. If you have any notes or outlines, taken in the class, you will probably find them crumpled up in the waste basket. Smooth them out and lay your open book upon them.

Now, in order to concentrate your mind entirely upon your task, you must get rid of everything else that is upon it. Look in the table drawer to see if your mailed that letter you wrote this morning ; before you forget it, tell the girls in your room what your teacher , who is "the sweetest thing in the world", said to you when you met her on the campus to-day ; then run across the hall and return the stamp you borrowed. When you are once more in your own room, get a drink of water, and hunt for your schedule. It will be in one of your books, you will not remember which; but take time to find it. You must know how many periods you have to-morrow.

Everything is now arranged, and you can settle down to solid work. First, go rapidly over your lesson to get the outline, then start from the beginning to study it carefully. By the time you reach the bottom of the first page, the recreation bell will ring, and you may as well put up your book, for you cannot work with visitors running in and out, and the girls enjoying fandangoes and war-dances in the hall.

Having conscientiously followed these directions, you may, when the good-night bell rings, retire with a sense of duty done—and no dreams of wrathful teachers and dreaded "notes" need trouble your peaceful slumbers !

Grace Thorpe, '09

New Second B Class

Motto : "Vita sine sapientia mors est."

Flower : Lily of the valley

Colors : Green and white

Class Officers

Ruth Redd	President
Margaret White	Vice-President
Grace Thorpe	Secretary
Mary Moore	Treasurer

Class Roll

Eyla Agee
Nannie Bennett
Elizabeth Bridges
Nellie Bristow
Marshall Buckner
Gillette Bagby
Kathleen Baldwin
Georgie Creekmore
Maude Cox
Flora Chaney
Maude Davis
Elva Davies
Evelyn Figg
Lizzie Fuller
Estelle Fitchett
Bessie Gills
Maria Gresham
Bessie Hager
Susan Hall
Lelia Hatcher
Nellie Henderson
Charlie Jones
Beulah Johnson
Jane Johnson
Marietta King
Lucile Lowry
Mary Lackey
Virginia Mason
Lila McGehee
Maude McKee
L. E. Maxey
Mary Moore
Lelia Martin
Edith Orange
Aileen Poole
Helen Potts
Julia Paulett
Bessie Paulett
Mabel Peterson
Louise Robinson
Maggie Humphries
Lelia Robertson
Lottie Rosbach
Frances Sadler
Virginia Smith
Bessie Sterrett
Fannie Scates
Mildred Tucker
Grace Thorpe
Louisa Tatem
Hontas Tinsley
Lottie Thorpe
Alice Ware
Beulah Williamson
Lucy Woolfolk
Cornelia Wilson
Annie Wise
Margaret White
Elizabeth Whitworth
Evelyn Wilson
Eva Walters

NEW SECOND B CLASS

Old Second B Class

Motto : "The impossible is not."

Colors : Purple and white Flower : Violet

Officers

President	Mary C. Pierce
Vice-President	Sue Ruffin
Secretary	Ruth Foreman
Treasurer	Maggie L. Ewing

Members

Blanche Armistead
Florrie Batten
Camilla Bedinger
Clarice Bersch
Annie Bidgood
Emma Blanton
Virginia Blanton
Carrie Bliss
Lillian Bland
Maud Bruce
Carrie Caruthers
Lillian Bland
Lizzie Caldwell
Hallie Chrisman
Jaira Chapman
Pearl Childress
Jennie Cluverius
Hattie Cox
Margaret Davis
Mildred Davis
Kyle Davis
Daisy Diggs
Mary Dupuy
Maggie Ewing
Eugenia Fallwell
Bessie Flournoy
Ruth Foreman
Kate Fulton
Nancy Garrow
Lilian Greaver
Adele Hunley
Ethel Hubbard
Louise Jones
Mariam Jones
Jane B. Johnson
Hallie King
Grace Mallory
Mary McGeorge
Annie McLean
Ruth Minor
Annie Moore
Antoinette Nidermaier
Esther Owens
Winnie Parsons
Mabel Peterson
Mary Pierce
Lucile Pleasants
Allie Raiford
Lillian Rose
Sallie Rose
Sue Ruffin
Bessie Rucker
Mildred Richardson
Frances Stoner
Florence Stoneham
Hunter Tatum
Ellen Taylor
Annie Vaughan
Happy Wilder
Unity Williams
Ida Walton
Vedah Watson
Leonardine Wright

OLD SECOND B CLASS

Cleaning Up

OUR rooms must be ready for inspection by nine o'clock every day, except Saturday. We have only forty-five minutes after breakfast in which to put them in order. Sometimes, during my week to clean up, I get several letters at the breakfast table ; of course, I must take time to read them. Then, thinking my Latin lesson, of which I have not translated a word, of more importance than sweeping and dusting, I sit down to study a while.

Suddenly I come to my senses. Only five minutes left ! I fly to the beds. As I made them up carefully yesterday, I can just spread them up to-day. I grab the broom and whisk the trash to the middle of the floor. There goes the bell ! What shall I do? I must go to chapel, or visit the office to "render my excuse", so with one deft, practiced stroke I send the trash under the bureau. Leaving the dust flying in a thick cloud, I grab my books and rush down the steps to chapel, the last one in.

When I return, I find the bureau pulled aside to disclose the trash, and a name written in the dust on my lampshade. Horrors ! Another "V. P." in the matron's book !

On Saturday, our rooms are not inspected until ten o'clock; we sorely need that extra hour. It is harder to clean up then, for on Friday I just half-way do it, thinking, "To-morrow is Saturday and I can have a good cleaning." There is, too, on Friday night always some unusual occasion to stir things up. One of my room-mates is dressing for the animal show. She is to represent one of her ancestors, a monkey, —and she is blacking her face and hands and dressing herself accordingly. She hasn't time to search for things, she needs. so she just empties the bureau drawers upon the floor, and tosses contents about until she finds what she wants ; she leaves the rest right where she poured them. Another excited room-mate is going down to the parlor to entertain her first beau at the Normal School. All the neighbors are in helping with her toilet. One lends the blue dress, another, a collar, another, a gol d rimmed comb, and another, a piece of ribbon. Everything is topsy-turvy when th girls are gone.

Saturday morning we wake just as the breakfast bell is ringing. "Oh, I just cannot miss my breakfast and have the matron 'sitting-on' me : I must go." We grab the nearest garments, dash a little water on our faces, and start down the steps with our mouths full of pins, and with belts and collars in our hands. We are the last, and the matron scolds, "Girls, you must hurry up ; it has been seven minutes since the bell stopped ringing."

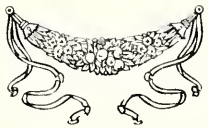
After breakfast, we must stroll around the yard a while, of course, before returning to our room. Once there, I tie a towel around my head, roll up my sleeves, don my chemistry apron, and rout the girls with, "If you will just get out of my way, I can clean up much quicker." They perch upon the trunks in the hall to study.

First, I hang up everything that can hang, and pack the other things, none too neatly, back into the bureau drawers. Then, I make up the beds carefully, oh, very carefully, for I need a good grade to cancel that last poor one. Just as I sweep the trash up to the door, ready to flirt it into the hall while the servant is not looking, in rushes one of my room-mates for a pencil. There goes the dust back to the other side of the room, under the beds, and I have to sweep again!

At last the trash is in the hall, but alas! here comes that maid. She has swept the hall once, and refuses to do it again. She opens my door and sweeps the trash back threatening, "I sho' gwine tell on yer, if yer does that again!"

At last my task is done, and the girls come back. "Do not lay your books on the bureau, and please do not sit down on that bed before the matron comes," I sternly command. Soon a lady with a little red book in her hand enters. She hardly opens the door before I ask, "Are you going to give me 'excellent' to-day?" She no sooner gets across the hall to the next room, than I fall over on the bed with a sigh of relief.

Bernice Howard, '09.



Bits of Revery in the Infirmary

THURSDAY, 5 P. M.

MY headache is better. I am not sorry I came, in spite of all the objections I raised at first. It is rather a pleasure to be up here, away from the bustling noise of this particular spot of Vanity Fair.

I wonder what we shall have for supper. I hope there will be more than we had last night. One does not care to be treated like a perfect invalid when one has only a headache and a convalescing appetite.

I wish that girl over in the corner would stop talking! Her tongue has not stopped a minute since two o'clock. I know everyone near her is frantic. Horrors! did she speak to me? I shall just quietly close my eyes and let her think I'm asleep.

7.30 P. M.

We had a bountiful supper after all, but it was a long time coming. Then I had such heaps of company! It certainly makes one have a little glow at the heart to have so many friends come in. I really believe coming to the infirmary is a good test of one's popularity. Anyhow, it shows you very plainly who thinks of you and who doesn't.

How I wish She would come! That was my first thought when I consented to come up here. When she misses me from class will she think enough of me to find out my whereabouts? Oh, joy! that would make up for all the headaches in the world!

FRIDAY, 11 A. M.

I am afraid my head is easy this morning, but I'm so much in love with this little bed and this quiet, softly lighted room I think I shall stay another day. The doctor looked at me in a peculiar way this morning. I wonder if he thinks I'm "playing off." But it has been noised abroad that we invalids are to have oyster soup for dinner. Now I'm extremely fond of oyster soup and just can't miss this chance, so I'll not get well enough to go back to my room until this afternoon.

Well, well, I wonder what Mrs. Colter thinks of me. I did not want to talk to those visitors she was showing around, and when I opened my eyes I thought they were all gone. No, there stood Mrs. Colter, looking down at me in the most quizzical way; I know she thinks I'm the paragon of politeness.

5 P. M.

Am I really lying here in bed or floating on those beautiful sunset clouds I see through the window? *She* has been to see me, and, oh, those lovely violets she brought! May I be forgiven for that fib about the headache! Well, it has ached, and I could not resist the temptation of having her rub my temples—burning from excitement!—with her soft cool hands. Oh, I should be willing to have the headache for a month to catch another glimpse of Paradise!

8 P. M.

Nurse said I might go home to-night. I'm almost sorry, but I know my roommates are missing me dreadfully. Hereafter, I shall advise everyone who gets the least bit sick to come straight to the infirmary. It's such an ideal place in which to "rest up," and get a change of diet.

CARRIE DUNGAN, '06.

Senior A Class

Flower : Goldenrod Colors : Green and gold

Motto : "Wie die Arbeit so fest ist der Lohn."

Officers

Mary M. Schofield, President

Frank Jones, Vice-President

Sidney Guy, Secretary

Zula Cutchins, Treasurer

Class Roll

Belle Brosins
Daisy Chapman
Lutie Clark
Zula Cutchins
Ruth Cobb
Theodosia De Baun
Lois Gillespie
Belle Gilliam
Sidney Guy
Sue Hamlett
Juliette Hundley
Myrtle Houit
Frank Jones
Sallie Lee
Lois Leonard
Sallie Miller
Antoinette Morgan
Beryl Morris
Nan Nicholson
Hattie Paulett
Pauline Reynolds
Leonora Ryland
Elizabeth Stokes
Virgie Stubblefield
Mary Schofield
Eleanor Wiatt

SENIOR A CLASS

First B Class

Motto : "Perseverentia vincit omnia."

Flower : Garden lily

Colors : Olive and canary

Class Officers

President - - - - - - Mamie Baldwin
Vice-President - - - - - Virginia Tinsley
Secretary - - - - - Georgie Wray Sinclair
Treasurer - - - - - - Mary Goodwin Mills

Honorary Member : Steptoe Christian Campbell

Class Roll

Carrie Anderson
Bessie Brooks
Bertie Brooks
Bertha Braithwaite
Evelyn Baird
Lucy Berger
Garnett Booker
Virgie Bryant
Lillian Byrd
Frances Britton
Lou Chambers
Kathleen Chappell
Mabel Coleman
Emma Colley
Nannie Colley
Ethel Cardwell
Inez Carter
Fannie Condrey
Iva Deshazo
Maud Drummond
Blanche Dudley
Agnes Daniel
Nannie Mae Davis
Minnie Duncan
Mary Esther Edwards
Beulah East
Lucy Elcan
Ethel Fiske
Mamie Firebaugh
Leverna Foster
Louise Forbes
Lillian Glenn
Lucy Hiner
Florence Hardwick
Lundie Hardaway
Mattie Haskins
Lulie Hawkins
Sally Harvey
Joyce Harris
Bessie Hathaway
Susie Higginbotham
Emma Jones
Beatrice Jones
Bessie Jones
Lena Jennings
Tilley Jennings

Elizabeth Jennings
Winnie Linkous
Daisy Lee
Myrtle Ligon
Anna Long
Fannie McNutt
Pattie Mauzy
Cornelia Marcuson
Vida Murfee
Blanche McClentic
Archie McClentic
Mattie Mahon
Connie Miller
Lena Morris
May Mason
Edna Marks
Helen Nicholson
Louise Owen
Ella Osborne
Augusta Penn
Lucy Phillips
Annie Payne
Mabel Palmer
Irma Phillips
Willinette Rocke
Ida Roberson
Lottie Rosbach
Virgie Rebun
Gertrude Rossom

Inez Reams
Mattie Ritter
Carrie Scates
Bessie Stuart
Sarah Stuart
Lillie Sharp
Edna Sharp
Blanche Shepard
Ruth Shepard
Mary Shepard
Ethel Smith
Lizzie Smith
Clara Snell
Hallie Starling
Annie Sutherland
Mattie Thraves
Lelia Trenor
Annie Wambersie
Sherwood White
Lottie Winfree
Iva Wilkerson
Grace Wright
Etta Wright
Page Wise
Carrie Withers
Marie Woody
Marguerite Watkins
Mary Wilson

FIRST B CLASS

The Training School

The Joys of a Senior B.

The happiness of spinsterhood, the reveries of a bachelor-maid, the independent freedom of a "new woman," the joys of a mother, have all been celebrated in song and story. But the joys of a Senior B remain untold, except by word of mouth, and that is not an abiding form.

We might have spoken of the reveries of a Senior B, but she, poor child, never has time for revery. If she does occasionally get away from the stern reality of work to the forbidden land of day-dreams, her thoughts soon follow the path she has so often taken to the training school. As soon as she thinks "teaching," by the law of association her next thought is, "Oh, I have a lesson plan to write," and her dream is rudely broken.

What are the joys of a Senior B? The joys of classes in education, psychology, gymnastics, all dwindle into insignificance before the anxious delight of teaching in the Training School.

If a girl has any conceit when she goes into that work, she is violently relieved of it before long,—if not by the children themselves, then by the supervisors. The children do it by gleefully, wickedly propounding questions which no one can answer or by completely ignoring her and her efforts to "manage a grade," or by shouting, "Miss! Miss! there is so much noise in here that I can't hear what you say!" The supervisors easily diminish the self-esteem of over-confident new teachers by writing long, effective notes,—which the girls sometimes don't half understand,—in those delightful criticism books. And the professional expression of a supervisor observing! It can make an egotistic pupil-teacher quake in her shoes.

The children are themselves joys. Some are lovable all the time, all are lovable some of the time, but never are all lovable all of the time. These dear, original, clever little people try the patience of many a poor frightened girl. Sometimes, too, they try her sense of the ridiculous; but to smile before her class would be Training School ostracism; while to laugh outright would deserve utter and outer darkness.

There is plenty of brightness, however, amid such fearsome experiences. The children scintillate with it, as you shall see.

A teacher in the Second Grade was laboring to explain the mysteries of a tadpole's respiration. To emphasize by "judicious iteration," she asked, "Now, how does it breathe?" How that little fellow's eyes twinkled as he answered, "Through its tail"!

Willard of the First Grade, wishes to know if there are really any such things as fairies. Robert thinks if there are, they surely do not live anywhere around here.

When being introduced to the mysteries of the interior of the earth, the Fourth Grade asked, "If the world were turned wrong side out, would the rivers be bumps?"

The Third Grade is well informed concerning Mr. Darwin's theories of evolution, for one little girl, when questioned about the meaning of *ancestors*, replied, "I thought ancestors were monkeys!" This grade is fortunate, too, in having a member that can argue well. He bids fair to become a preacher or lawyer. When asked a why for which he can find no other reason, he always answers conclusively, "Because God made it so!"

The Fifth Grade is observant, as well as sympathetic. Seeing a teacher steal a fond farewell glance at her plan before beginning to teach her lesson, one of its members consolingly remarked, "It's a shame that you all can't look at your plans after you have written them, isn't it?"

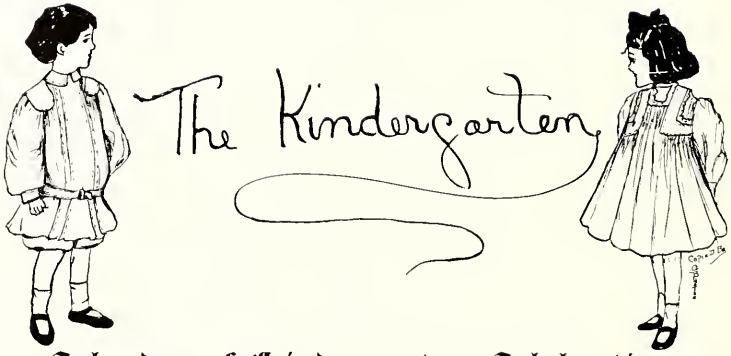
The Sixth Grade has advanced a step further than being sympathetic—it is sentimental. The girls of the grade are heard to whisper ardently, as a favorite teacher passes, "Oh, isn't she darling? I love her better than I love my life!" We admire the purposeful determination of some of the boys of this grade, too. John, aged thirteen, once avowed gallantly, "Yes, I would marry the girl I loved, even if papa was opposed!"

The Seventh Grade is good at reasoning, as well as at guessing. Was the one boy of the grade reasoning or guessing when he asked, "Is *egress* the feminine of *eagle*?"

Not even the dignity of the Eighth Grade can quench the curiosity of the child mind, for these "seniors" of the Training school wish to know if the "Bad Man" lives on the inside of the earth. Again while laboring with the intricacies of the human mind, they inquire, "Are the mind and the brain the same? If not, where does the mind sit?"

In spite of the fact that these little folk give more "tests" than they receive, their teachers love them very much, and were greatly distressed when orders came from headquarters to "stop 'spooning' with the children."

We often have sad, discouraged hearts; our shoulders are sometimes burdened with heavy loads; but we oftener have our joys, and none, no, not one of us, would exchange the experience gained in the Training School for anything within reason. We come out the better for being tried: we have richer conceptions, deeper sympathies, and broader views of life; we are "better adjusted to our environment;" we are better able to help others.



Calendar of Kindergarten Celebrations

November 29, 1905

It was on this day that the scene of the first Thanksgiving was reproduced in the Kinder garten. The children entered the ring dressed like our Pilgrim Fathers. The little boys wore dark suits, with large white collars and cuffs and Puritan hats; the little girls wore kerchiefs and caps. They sang the songs of Thanksgiving, which expressed their thankfulness for the fact that all the crops had been harvested.

December 25, 1905

Our next celebration was on Thursday before Christmas. For many weeks the little one spent much time in making their first presents for those they loved. On Wednesday the tree was brought into the room, and the children beautified it with these presents and other ornaments they had made for the purpose of decoration—strings of pop-corn, cornucopias, lanterns and brightly colored bags which were filled with candy. On Thursday morning the children all came to their places, bringing with them their parents. After singing Christmas songs and talking of why they celebrated this day, their presents were handed them from the tree and the children gave them to those for whom they were made. When the children had received their candy and fruits they joyfully bade us adieu until the year 1906.

February 14, 1906

Valentine's Day had come at last, and great was the mystery with which the children made their valentines. Interesting stories had been told the children of good St. Valentine. One of the little boys undertook the duties of postmaster, and delivered the valentines to each child. This day was one of interest and great excitement.

February 22, 1906

Following close upon this was George Washington's birthday, on which they learned of their country's first president. After learning of this man's great and noble deeds as commander-in-chief of our army, they played games in which they were soldiers. Adorned with soldier caps and George Washington badges, they shouldered their guns and waved the "Red, White, and Blue," as they marched away to do their country's duty.

May 1, 1906

Last of our delightful celebrations comes our May Day exercises. The children have been eagerly watching the coming of spring. On the first day of May they sang many spring songs. Though the May-pole dance was the chief feature of this day, all watched with much enjoyment the movements of the brownies, fairies, and butterflies of the Kindergarten, and the coronation of the Queen of May.

Lucy Rice
Mary Holt
Edith Duvall
Kindergarten, '07

Her First Punishment

THE pretty little mother looked broken hearted as she sat in her low sewing chair and rocked back and forth, while her eldest daughter, a young lady of three, sat defiantly erect on her lap. The young father stood helplessly near, rather wishing to take both in his arms—this brown-eyed, sweet-faced wife, and the funny little baby. But, no, *this* is no time for caresses—something awful has happened. The baby with her serious face, and queer little head just beginning to show a fuzz of light brown hair, their own little girl, had committed a sin! The serpent had entered the Garden of Eden, and behold, the woman fell! In other words, the baby had bitten her mother's finger!

"She must be punished, Evelyn!" The words fell like a thunder-clap from the lips of the stern young father. "We've always said we would do our duty by our child, and this is the time to begin."

"Oh, Web, she's so tiny and little, it might break her little heart to be touched roughly."

"Nonsense, dear, I tell you she must be whipped."

"Well,"—the words came sobbingly, and were followed by a burst of tears—"here, take my darling, but don't, don't you dare to hurt her!"

The awful moment had come! The young father feeling like an executioner, took the child, who slipped into his outstretched arms with a delighted chuckle.

"Now," said the youngster, "pa'y 'Ride cock horse,' Papa."

But, hold, this is a new game! Why, you can't get to "Banbury Cross" when you lie flat across your papa's knees. Neither are those three sudden sharp pats exactly agreeable, or conducive to a pleasant journey "on a white horse". The little lady turns in wonder, looks up with astonished eyes, and smilingly asks: "W'y, what de matter, Papa?"

MARY MERCER SCHOFIELD, '07

"As Others See Them."

How Janet and I Read Macbeth

"LAST night Margaret and I read Macbeth, that grand tragedy of horror," said Alice at the breakfast table, with the air of one who is learned in literature.

"We are reading that in our Shakspere class," added our two Juniors.

"Of course, you are enjoying it?" asked Mabel.

"Yes, indeed," answered Margaret, enthusiastically.

"Did you say 'Macbeth?'" inquired Annie, who had been carving the beef. "I am reading that myself"

"What do you think of it, dear?"

"It is a grand tragedy. Some of the scenes are unsurpassed as psychological studies. Shaksphere rose to a great dramatic and poetic height in writing it," she replied.

Janet and I kept very quiet during this literary conversation, for we did not care to be teased about our ignorance, and it must be confessed that we knew nothing of the "grand tragedy" under discussion. Most of the girls at our table liked literature; Janet and I did not. They were Juniors and Seniors; we were Freshmen. They held offices in the literary societies; we did not belong to any of these awe-inspiring organizations. Some of them will probably write great books; Miss Mason is glad when Janet and I hand her themes containing decent English sentences, and no mispelled words. One might think it would be delightful to sit at the table with such gifted young ladies, but we did not enjoy it. We never came to the table without hearing something about our ignorance and lack of literary taste. It would have been better if we had liked literature, we acknowledged to our inmost selves, but our friends had no right to make our lives a burden because we did not.

On this particular morning, Janet and I ate dry toast rather than call attention to our offensive presence by asking for butter, but we were not to escape their scathing remarks even by such self-sacrifice.

"Girls, I have a fine idea!" announced Annie, rapping lightly on the table for attention.

"What is it?" they asked in chorus.

"Let's ask Miss Stone to tea Monday night, and discuss Macbeth with her. We won't tell her what we wish; somebody can bring up the subject in an easy, natural way," she explained.

"Good! The very thing!" cried several of the girls.

"I don't think we could ask the teacher of literature to tea with us; these Freshmen would disgrace us," objected Alice scornfully.

"They would bring discredit upon the whole Freshman class!" added Mabel.

"That doesn't matter," put in Annie with a superior air; "everybody knows that Freshmen have but little knowledge. Miss Stone will not expect them to take part in the discussion."

Janet's eyes flashed fire, and I drew my lips into a straight line and made a solemn vow that we would discuss Macbeth when Miss Stone came, even if we had nervous prostration afterward. Our class should not be disgraced, and it should be

demonstrated that Freshmen have a little knowledge.

Breakfast over, we rushed to our room, and gave utterance to our wrath. When the storm of anger had subsided, we made our plans. It was Saturday, and we could spend the whole morning reading. Janet had an old copy of Macbeth in the closet, and while she was hunting it, I went to the library for a copy of "How to Read Shakspere," which I had once seen there when I was looking for a grammar. It was characteristic of me to have looked for a grammar among the Shakspere books.

We found a quiet, secluded spot in a distant corner of the campus, and began our work with determination.

"'Fair is foul, and foul is fair,'" read Janet.

"'This sentence is the keynote of the drama,'" I quoted from "How to Read Shakspere."

"'Fair is foul, and foul is fair,'—keynote of drama. Fair is foul, foul is foul, fair—foul—keynote—fair—foul," droned my companion in a monotone, as she swayed back and forth, clasping the book to her bosom.

"'What bloody man is that?" she read a moment later.

"'This word "bloody" runs through the whole drama like a red thread,'" I read, following Mr. Fleming closely.

We studied in this way for some time, she reading the play, and I, the explanations from Fleming, but we did not enjoy it as the other girls had done. The horror of the tragedy did not appeal to us, and, for some reason, we failed to appreciate the psychological studies. At eleven o'clock Janet threw her book down wearily, and complained, "I'm tired."

I suddenly remembered that there was to be a wedding at noon in the little chapel across the street, and suggested that we go over to see the decorations. Janet remonstrated, saying that we should not have time to finish our reading. I persuaded her to go, and we slipped into the church unnoticed. The interior of the beautiful little chapel attracted us quite as much as the flowers, and we stayed longer than we intended. While we were admiring the big organ, I glanced up and saw some of the wedding guests coming in at the door. I hurriedly whispered to Janet about it, and we crept down behind the organ to hide.

"What shall we do?" I asked.

"I don't know," she answered, "there is no other door but that one, and we can't walk through this richly-dressed company in these plain, shabby dresses. I presume we shall have to stay."

"But what about Macbeth? This is our last opportunity ——"

"Stop talking," commanded Janet, "somebody will hear you"

I was silent for a while, though the pleasant sound of subdued conversation in church made me wish to talk more than ever. The bride was delayed, and everybody was a little impatient,—Janet and I most of all; it was hot behind the organ, and we were uncomfortable because of our crouching position. The gnats that swarmed in at the open window were disagreeable company, even worse than our Juniors and Seniors. The moments dragged by. At last some one began to play a wedding march, and the bridal party came slowly down the aisle. The ceremony was very long. Janet wondered if it made the bride as nervous as it made us. We were released from our prison just as our dinner bell rang, and we crept home, tired and discouraged.

We felt even more disheartened Monday night when we went down to tea. Our

first experience with Shakspere had been a failure ; we dreaded the second. We even hoped Miss Stone had been suddenly called from town, but she was there, smiling and gracious. The conversation drifted along pleasantly, and, in the course of things, Miss Stone remarked that we school folk talk "shop" too much. We all agreed with her heartily.

Presently the Junior who had been asked to introduce the important subject of the evening carelessly asked our guest some question about Macbeth. Miss Stone answered it, and then spoke briefly of the plot. Suddenly she checked herself, and, with an arch smile, said to the little Junior, "This is talking 'shop,' is it not? We of the literature class are interested in it, but probably the others are not."

Before anybody could remonstrate, she began to talk brightly of something else.

It was a matter of comment all the year that Janet and I, shy, awkward Freshmen, were so devoted to stately Miss Stone, Even the wise Juniors and Seniors could not unravel the mystery.

Flora Thompson, '07.

The Black Bow

The girls from chapel marched along,
Inspired by martial air;
I gazed and noted quite a throng
With bows upon their hair.
Each maid adorned—no matter how—
As onward she did go,
Was not without, I must avow,
A huge outspreading bow

Yea! some had two to grace the neck;
To pride, no doubt, 'twas due:
Each head seemed but a tiny speck
Through bows just peeping through.
Some girls had very little hair
Upon their heads to show,
But still they wore with conscious air
The all-pervading bow.

Black seems to be the proper shade,
For all the bows you see,
And all, with one accord, are made
Quite big enough for three.
And oft you'll find throughout the school,
Where e'er you chance to go,
The smallest maiden, as a rule,
Has on the biggest bow.

One day I sought a maiden fair
With whom I wished to speak;
I hunted nearly everywhere
For almost half a week.
Though all the while quite near was she.
The fact I did not know,
For she was hidden, don't you see,
Behind a mammoth bow.

While busy at my work one day,
Not heeding sight or sound,
A shadow fell athwart my way
And darkness gathered 'round.
The cause was just a maiden small;
(Her name I do not know)
But daylight had no show at all
Behind her monstrous bow.

Like huge bat wings extended wide
These bows pervade the air;
'Twould seem their office is to hide
A scanty crop of hair.
For when the little stock of hair
Is getting pretty low,
It gets no chance for sun or air
Behind a mammoth bow.

Now Langley, in his flying machine,
Used aeroplanes for flight,
But that was long before he'd seen
These bows of which I write.
For had he sought the large supply
The S. N. S. can show,
He could have sailed beyond the sky
Perched on a mighty bow.

While walking down the streetone day
Behind a maid I knew,
I hastened on that I might say
To her a word or two.
But I essayed in vain to greeto
This maid whom I did know;
I walked a mile through many a street
To get around her bow.

And now, I'd fain a story tell;
'Tis sad to dwell upon.
A maid who once was quite a belle
Is now a skeleton.
From day to day a bow she'd wear
So big that, don't you know,
It wasted her away to bear
That great, tremendous bow.

Now some advice I'd like to give
To save you such a fate.
Girls, if on earth you'd happy live,
Bear this in mind from date—
To keep from "landing on the shelf"
Some moderation show
And, pray, don't overtax yourself
With any kind of bow (beau).

Beside the Old Hair Trunk

It had stood for many years in the attic. Through the window nearby the rose-leaves of many summers had fallen gently on its faded top and remained undisturbed. Here one morning, up the narrow winding staircase, came a young girl and her great-aunt. The girl was fair to look upon, and with her dark elfin locks and great brown eyes she looked much like the pictured face upon the wall above the old trunk.

Her great-aunt selected from a massive bunch a tiny key; and the old trunk creaked on its hinges. From its depth came the sweet scent of lavender and rose leaves. As the fine old wrinkled hands removed the silver paper, a passing breeze stirred the delicate mass of old lace beneath. A tear rolled silently down the face of the old lady as she shook out its soft folds with tender hands. She touched caressingly its knots and loops of precious lace, while the young girl waited with breathless interest.

"It was your great-aunt Prue's first party dress, my dear, even as it will be yours. You are her namesake, and that is her picture," she said sadly, pointing to the oval frame.

"Many, many years ago, long before our fair Southland had been almost destroyed by fire and sword, we were playmates, he, Prue and I, as our fathers had been —for generations our estates had touched each other. Prue was much younger than I, a tender, loving clinging little thing, while I was always counted proud and cold. As the years sped on we grew to love each other, he and I; we were engaged when the war came upon us."

She paused and seemed lost in reverie. Then with a sigh she continued: "One morning, when the roses were blooming as they are now, he rode up to the door. I ran down to meet him as usual, but something in his stern face made me halt, and the words of welcome died on my lips. He looked pale and worn, and after a moment of painful silence he told me that he had decided to fight for the Union.

"I burned with wrath that he, a Southerner—he, whose father and grandfather before him had stood for and loved the South,—should turn against his home and friends! He stood before me, his face drawn with pain, his eyes burning into mine, but he spoke not a word in explanation of his strange behavior. Then, little Prue, I froze. It seemed as if the chill of some awful death were gripping its cold hands about my heart. Without another word, but with terrible bitterness in my heart and eyes, I turned and entered the house. As he, sad and downcast, rode slowly away, a little figure sped past me and down the drive after him, and a voice drowned in tears bade him good-bye and Godspeed. It was my little sister, and he gave her a wan smile of mute farewell.

"The long tedious years passed. The child Prue blossomed into a beautiful, charming woman, in spite of hardships and troubles—I have often told you what we had to endure here. Once I stood and saw him pass through his own old town with the invading army. After that I grew harder, colder, prouder, and older than mere years warranted.

"But at last peace was proclaimed, and the soldiers returned home. Among those, alas! who were never more to see home or loved ones were my father and my brother, your grandfather. He, the traitor, returned, but he was sternly forbidden to

enter here, and I never saw him again in life.

"The months passed slowly by. It was the night of the first dance given after the war, and my sister Prue was all excitement. We had searched the house for this trunk, in which had been stored the treasures of days gone by. Prue must have a ball dress: she chose this one: it had been my own—oh, the irony of it! We spent much time suiting it to her taste, and as she stood before me that evening and made a graceful courtesy, I was almost startled at her loveliness. I did not go, my dear,—I could not forget the desolation of our home and my heart, and I knew he would be there.

"As the days went by, I noticed a change come over Prue. Often I found her looking at me with tear-bedimmed eyes, and she would hang around my neck and kiss me and bid me love her always. One morning when I awoke—she was gone. She left a note saying she had left me to marry him—that she loved him. Then my heart lost the old bitterness,—I think it must have broken. She, the pride of my heart, had forsaken me and gone to the only other one I had ever cherished. The rain poured down as if the very heavens were weeping, yet I shed no tear—long ago that fount had been exhausted."

She gazed a moment with tear-veiled eyes, upon the sweet face above the old trunk. "That is not all, dearie; they were drowned that night while fording the river, swollen by the heavy rains. They were brought here, and I laid them—my two lost loves—side by side beneath the old oak tree where we had played as children."

No sound broke the still twilight of the attic save the stilled sobs of the young girl, the other Prue. The breeze lifted the rose petals and scattered them silently, lovingly about the old lady, whose eyes were fixed on a distant field where stood a sturdy old oak.

Mae Marshall, '07

How Shiloh Was Brought Back

"SO children, you ask me again for that same old story. So often have I told it! But every time the horrors of those awful days come back multiplied, and my hatred toward the Yankees is stronger and bitterer than ever. 'Twas they who took our home from us, 'twas they who took my brother and my husband away. You have no idea—and I thank God you haven't—of those awful times. At night when we lay down to rest—not to sleep—we did not know if we should have a thing for breakfast, or if the roof would be over our heads by morning, or if even our lives would be spared.

"Only one old horse was now left us, for the soldiers had taken every other living thing from the farm. I fully made up my mind that when he was taken to the Federal camp, I would go, too.

"One morning, your uncle, then five years of age, came in with tears streaming down his face, and sobbing with every breath. What was the matter with him I had no idea, for a moment before he had left the room more cheerful than usual, and had whistled as he went. At last, while rubbing his smarting ear where a Yankee had boxed him, he managed to tell me that old 'Shiloh' had been taken from us. I arose, saying, 'I'm going straight after that horse.'

"Now the camp was twenty miles away, and my only way of getting there was in an ox-wagon borrowed from a neighbor. My children begged me not to go and hung to my skirts so tightly that I could hardly walk. I kissed them good-bye, and looked back with a smiling face when I told them to be good children while I was gone.

"Oh, the horrors of that lonely ride with only a small colored boy for company! Many and many a time the Yankees cried out, 'Halt!' but we never once slackened the slow gait of the oxen. Sometimes I was so cold I could scarcely move, and my driver seemed almost numb. How I did pray that God would spare me to return, for my courage, which had been so strong when I left home, began to leave me with the warmth from my body.

"About dusk I had completed my journey and stood before General Custer.

"'Why are you here madam?' he inquired.

"'I came, because I want the last living thing that belongs to me! Your cowardly soldiers took that, an old horse, from me this morning, and I followed them here to get him. I mean to take him back with me, too.'

"'Well,' scratching his head and raising his eyebrows, 'you may have your horse, but you are my prisoner.'

"'Very well; If you can stand it, I can,' I replied, pretending to be very brave, but I was really frightened out of my wits.

"'I'll have to send you to Washington, madam'

"'Nothing could please me better, sir. I have wanted to go for a long time and this is a very good chance,—I'll get something out of the Yankees.'

"For a long time he remained silent. Finally, he left the tent, and I could see him talking earnestly with another officer in the distance. Those few minutes seemed

hours—days! How I did long to be at home with my darlings who by now, I hoped, were safely covered up in bed!

"I was aroused from my deep thoughts by a gruff voice saying, 'I have decided to send you home, and—'

"'Oh, you need not worry; I had just as soon go to Washington as not.'

"'Madam, you may prepare to start—at once!'

"'Aren't you going to send soldiers to guard me through the pickets?' I asked.

"'I suppose you are not afraid the rest of the way?'

"'No, the Lord will protect me when I get out of this place!' I said fervently.

"'I suppose you think the Lord can't protect you here?'

"'No, I think the Lord has forsaken the Yankees long ago,' I replied, as I walked off with my chin high in the air.

"'Wait a minute, madam,' I heard him call out, but I didn't heed him any more than if I hadn't heard him.

"I went straight for my wagon which was ready for me and—could my eyes be deceiving me? There was Shiloh tied to the back of the wagon, in which were enough provisions to last me for a whole month.

"'Thank you, thank you,' I cried out as I drove off, 'I'll give this to the Confederates who will be waiting for their breakfast when I get home. May I carry your love to them?'

"The trees now hid him from our view, but fearing that he might still send for me to come back, I ordered my driver to urge on the slow oxen."

Lollie Crittenden, '08.

Hobbies

M.D.

M.D.

Getting Ready for a Test

TUESDAY MORNING, 11 O'CLOCK

"Girls, we shall have a test on literature Thursday, at the first period."

With despairing looks and mournful sighs the girls file slowly out of the classroom as if to the time of a dirge, but they are hardly outside before you can hear on all sides :

"Isn't it awful?"

"I know I'll fail!"

"I wish I were a thousand!"

"I have an engagement every day till Thursday, and I'll just have to get up soon Thursday morning to study!"

WEDNESDAY EVENING, 7:30

"Peggy, shut up! I have a test on literature in the morning and I haven't looked at it. How can I study when you are going at such a rate!"

After a few minutes of careful search on the book-shelf, the speaker continues.

"Where can my note book be? I have looked everywhere and I can't——oh, I left it in Polly's room! I must run and get it."

AN HOUR LATER

The door flies open and in rushes the literature student.

"Girls, come over and hear the graphophone. It is just grand. Poll and I have been listening just a minute or two. Can't stay long,—I have that horrid old test."

9 O'CLOCK

The graphophone has departed.

"Come on, Peggy, and go. I'll be old and gray-headed before I'm twenty, just on account of this old literature. Good-bye, Poll, I'll see you when this test is over,—if I don't die before that time."

Having at last gotten home she sits down and studies diligently for fifteen minutes. She suddenly remembers that she has heard a joke for "The Guidon," so across the hall she rushes to tell it to the Editor. Joke after joke follows, with candy mixed in, till the light-bell rings. She flies home, is half ready for bed when a familiar voice asks, "All in?" Then comes this pitiful wail: "Oh, Miss Alden. I am nearly crazy over a test. I am going to have it in the morning, and I have studied until I am wild!"

But the door has already closed and footsteps are heard on the floor below. Our studious young lady turns down the hall and is heard to say.

"Belle, wake me at four o'clock in the morning, please. I just must study for that test. Let's study to-gether."

4 O'CLOCK, THURSDAY MORNING

A loud knock at the door. No response. Then the gentle shaking of a sleeper. Still no reply. Finally, there is a hard slap, and a loud voice saying,

"Mary, it is four o'clock, and I am ready to study. Get up! Must I turn on the light?"

"Light? She's—light—enough—to—play—good—b—a—l——"

"Mary, I'm not going to wake you again! I have to study for my test."

"Test! Oh, that literatu e test that I studied so hard for last night? I don't believe I need to get up till five. Wake—me—p–l–e–a——."

5 O'CLOCK

"Mary, it is five, and this is positively the last time I'll wake you. You deserve to fail."

"All right Belle, I'll be around in the alcove in a few minutes."

6 O'CLOCK

Bell sees, rounding the corner, a towsle-headed, sleepy-eyed figure, mumbling, "It certainly goes against the grain of 'rat' to have to always get up so early, and study so hard."

After several yawns, long drawn out, a rubbing of the eyes, and many "oh me's" she opens her book. After several vain attempts to find the place, she appeals to Belle for the number of the page.

"Page 75,—at Longfellow."

Mary fumbles for the page: "Page 75,—P–e–r–c–e–n–t–a–g–e! Goodness gracious! I have an arithmetic!"

6:30—IN HER ROOM

"Peggy, please wake up and tell me where I put my literature. I can't find it."

Peggy groans from under a pillow. "Do you think you could possibly make any more noise by knocking over the wardrobe? Maybe, if you look under your pillow, you will find your book. You remember you slept on it to keep from failing."

6:45—IN THE ALCOVE ONCE MORE

"Belle, I have but a half hour to study. Where does it begin? At Longfellow? Oh, yes. What did he write? Was it David Cop—I must get a pencil to write that down."

7:00—A GONG SOUNDS

"Mercy me! There is the gong, and I have just found a pencil. Do you think I can get over Emerson? Wasn't he mixed up with 'Unitarianism?' He wrote 'Nature,' that thing I used to get up at four t) study. If Miss H——— hadn't told us not to miss our meals, I would skip breakfast and study."

7:30—AT BREAKFAST

"Peggy, let's go up right after breakfast so I can make the bed, and study for that test a little more."

GOING OUT OF THE DINING-ROOM

"I have been up so long and studied so hard, I believe I'll take a little fresh air. Come on, Bess, and walk around the campus with us."

8:15—AN EXPLOSIVE ENTRANCE INTO HER ROOM

"Come on quick! Let's make up the bed. Here it is a quarter past eight, and

I *must* go over my notes again. Mr. Emerson, *his* character and the character of his writings,—his writings are humorous, but he is far above everybody's head."

8:30—TURNING THINGS UPSIDE DOWN

"Peggy, where did you put my pencil? 'Haven't had it!' You always have got it. What? Yes, I believe I did lose it. Lend me yours. Oh, it hasn't any point, and we haven't a knife. I'll run and get Belle's."

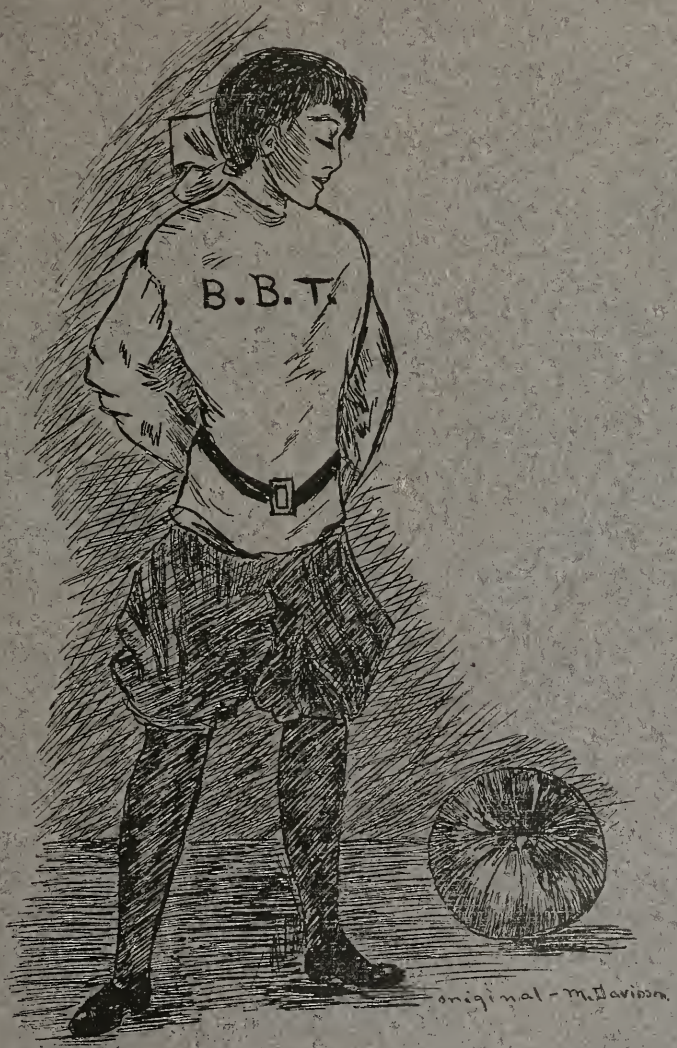
8:45—A FRENZIED PREPARATION FOR CHAPEL

"There is the bell! and I must run. Give me my book and eraser; and, oh, my goodness, I haven't any test paper! Please lend me six sheets. This makes twenty I owe you, doesn't it?"

ON THE WAY TO CHAPEL

"Well, if I do fail, I have the consolation of knowing that I studied hard, and did the best I could. Oh, me!!!

RUTH REDD, '10


B.B.T.
original - M. Davidson.

The High Tide of Enthusiasm

"Mary, do hurry! We shall be late!"

"I'll be there, Lucy, just as soon as I find that long piece of green ribbon that I bought specially for this occasion. Oh, where is it? I bet that roommate of mine has hidden it. You know she is 'rooting' for the Whites."

"Come on, then, and I'll give you a piece of my ribbon. My, I am scared to death for fear the door will be locked! It would kill me to miss this game. It will, you know, decide which will be the champion team, the Green or White. The whole school is fairly wild with excitement. Here, tie this piece of green ribbon on my arm quickly."

The two girls flew through the corridors to the gymnasium, and breathless, squeezed through the door, not a minute too soon.

"Wasn't that a narrow escape? She almost shut the door in our faces. Oh, do look at Miss Neil! She has a green pennant. Aren't you glad she is on our side?"

"Yes, but look at your favorite teacher, Miss Ray. If colors count for anything, she is surely the mainstay of the Whites."

"Just listen at those girls cheering for the White. Come let's yell for the Green and drown them out—Oh, do look! Here comes the players! Well, of all things —a Green and a White, arm in arm. Don't they look grand?"

"I should advise you not to yell quite so loudly. Your throat will doubtless suffer from it."

The umpire's whistle sounds, the ball is tossed up and the "scrimmage" begins. The Whites are first to score. As the ball drops in the basket, the yelling is deafening.

"Mary, for mercy's sake don't look so discouraged. I bet the Greens will make the Whites realize the truth of the old saying, "A good beginning makes a bad ending!"

When the first half of the game is finished the score stands 5 to 4 in favor of the Whites. The players leave the floor amid deafening applause from their supporters. During the interview of rest for the players, the enthusiastic spectators cheer wildly for their favorite sides. Listen:

"Eat 'em up, Do 'em up,
Chew 'em up fine?
Whites! —"
"Green! Green!
Best ever seen!
Green! Green!
It is the team!"

Pennants and streamers wave wildly and the shouts of encouragement and praise grow louder and more confused.

Here come the players again! Each enters into the contest now as if all depended upon her. How they surge backward and forward after the ball. At last just two minutes of the game are left and the score stands 10 to 8 in favor of the Green. The spectators leave their seats and lean over the railing of the gallery, watching with breathless interest every movement on the floor below.

"Oh, look, Mary! The Whites have scored again and the two sides now stand

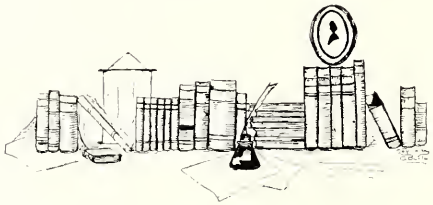
ven ! Oh, yell for the Green ! Yell ! They *must* beat ! "

Only a half minute now remains—a Green has the ball—she throws for the basket—the ball balances for a second on the rim of the basket—oh, will it fall back ?—and then it drops in just as the umpire calls, "Time ! "

Lucy and Mary throw their arms around each other, saying in one breath, "Oh, I never was so happy in my life ! The Greens are the champions !" The players sink exhausted upon the floor—but they are soon pulled to their feet by the cheering crowd—the Greens to be swallowed up in a mass of dancing, screaming, congratulatory "rooters," and the Whites to be gently comforted by their own disappointed partisans.

How those girls can yell ! Will the excited crowd never disperse ? Mary and Lucy are almost the last to go. With tears of joy in their eyes, they sigh hoarsely but joyously, "Oh, wasn't it great ! The Green ! The Green ! Best ever seen ! But I'm so glad the Whites are second, aren't you ?"

WIRT DAVIDSON, '08.



A Narrow Escape

THERE was a great excitement among the girls on Lyon Hall at Salter Institute. One could tell from the cautious whispering, the rush and the bustle, that some important event was about to happen.

"Oh, Mary," exclaimed one of the girls., "if they were to catch us, just think of the consequences! We should each have to room alone for two long weeks. During that time we should not be allowed to speak to any of the girls. But worst of all, Mary, our beloved parents would be informed of our fallen state, and you know what that would mean to us."

"Yes, Crissy," answered Mary, "I know all this. But we shall not be caught. If I thought it was any harm, I would not do it, but the girls of other schools do it, and I don't see why we can't, too. We never do have any real, spicy fun, anyhow."

The twenty girls that roomed on Lyon Hall were prepared for a midnight feast. Now a midnight feast was a very forbidden thing at Salter Institute. The latter fact made it very difficult for the girls to decide just where and how they were to enjoy the "spread." Miss Reed, the English teacher, who had charge of this hall, had very acute hearing and no less keen sight.

After much discussion, Mary Richmond's room was decided upon as the best place for the feast. Its suitableness lay in the that it was the farthest room on the hall from Miss Reed's.

But the most puzzling, as well as the most important, question yet remained to be solved: How were the eatables to be procured. Aunt Betty, the trusty hall servant, had to be taken into the secret. She was given the money and a list of the things to be purchased. She was to buy them that afternoon and hide them in Mary's room while all the girls and teachers were at supper. Aunt Betty carried out her part of the plan perfectly.

That night when Miss Reed came around to tell the girls good-night, she found them all sleeping soundly. At twelve o'clock, however, they were wide awake and all slipped quietly into Mary's room. The carefully hidden good things were brought to light and the midnight feast began. In spite of the girls' efforts to keep as quiet as mice, they made no small amount of noise. So busy were they telling jokes, fortunes and ghost stories, that they did not hear light steps in the hall. They did hear however, a loud knock at the door. The frightened girls looked appealingly at Mary whose ready wit had before saved them from many embarrassing situations. She rose nobly to the occasion and asked in a steady voice, "Who is there?"

"It is me, Miss Reed," came the answer.

"Oh, you can't fool us that way," answered Mary; "Miss Reed would have said, 'It is I.'"

This proved too much for Miss Reed. She had not the courage to knock again, gain admittance, and face that crowd of mocking girls. She went very quietly back to her room and the midnight feast proceeded without further interruption.

The next morning at breakfast several of the girls that roomed over Lyon Hall were heard to say, "I can't imagine what on earth was the matter with Miss Reed's ears last night that she didn't hear all that noise on her hall.

Mary gave Crissy a significant punch, and said, very softly, "Miss Reed's ears are all right, aren't they Crissy?"

WIRT DAVIDSON, '08

Teha, The Child of the Sun

IT is night over Suwanee village ; the people must have been long wrapped in slumber, for it is already the midnight hour and there is darkness over all. No, there is a faint gleam of firelight from one of the huts of the village.

Let us go closer ; all is as silent as the grave. Within, thirty or more Indian warriors are seated on the ground in a circle. At last a tall stalwart brave, Kiwawa, rises slowly and carefully to his feet. With impressive dignity he stretches his right hand toward the east.

"Thither the canoes of the palefaces have gone," he said, "But how long will they stay? They go but to bring the rest of their tribe to this pleasant land of ours. Now is the time to strike ; now, while the hands of those who remain are weak. Who dares to hesitate? Brand him a coward! I spit upon him!" and he glared fiercly around at the listening warriors.

"None hesitate! none hesitate!" they cried in uproarious unity.

A youthful warrior sprang to his feet. With a proud flash of the eye, he exclaimed, "Who will spit upon Opeche? Who dares call him coward? But Opeche will not strike the palefaces ; they have done nothing to him. Why should he call them his enemies? And why should he strike one who is not his enemy? The land is broad enough for us both ; let the paleface tribe and the Suwanee tribe live in peace as brothers."

"Never will Suwanees and palefaces be brothers!" cried Kiwawa. "The one or the other must give way. Will you leave the streams where your fathers fished? Will you give up the forest where they shot the flying deer, where they raised the warwhoop of our tribe, where they won their glory? No! Then strike now,—tomorrow! 'Death to the palefaces!' I cry."

The warriors caught up his last words in frenzy, "Death to the palefaces! Give them death!"

In the midst of the tumult Kiwawa spoke again, "When and how shall we attack? Let that be decided to-night."

Before long they had determined to make a secret attack on the village of the whites the next day at noon. To-night each warrior was assigned his special work, so that all might be ready at the appointed time. The chief cast at Opeche a glance of suspicion.

The latter caught the look and quickly said, "I will not go."

"Coward!" muttered the chief.

"Look at these!" said the young warrior, laying his hand proudly on a string of scalps at his belt. "These prove that I am no coward."

The chief only replied. "We want brave men for this work, therefore you may stay in camp."

As he turned away the eyes of the young brave flashed with a promise of revenge.

The next day at noon the warriors silently, stealthily left the village, bound on their cruel errand. After a time Opeche stole with swift but silent footsteps toward the forest whither they had disappeared Following in their trail he at last came upon a horrible confusion of flying palefaces and naked savages.

He suddenly caught sight of his chief, not many steps away, holding a woman by the hair, his tomahawk raised to strike. She clasped protectingly a screaming

infant. Moved by a pity which savages sometimes feel, as well as by revenge, Opeche, with a mighty leap, seized the upraised hand and drove the tomahawk into the breast of the chief. Then seizing the woman, who still strained her child to her bosom, he called out, "Fly, fly for your life, as I must for mine!"

Swiftly they fled; more than one gleaming tomahawk was raised as they passed, but they still sped on, unhurt. Soon the forest was reached, but there was not yet safety. At last, deep in the forest, Opeche said, "Let us rest awhile. They will hardly follow us this far."

All night they remained there; the next morning the woman asked, "Is there any place where we can find a home until the ships return from England?"

"Several days' journey through the forest there is a tribe, which, being hostile to my own, may receive and protect us," answered the Indian.

"What is the name of this tribe?" was the woman's next query. "We promised my husband, the captain of the colony, who went with the ships back to England, that if we should leave the place where we then were, we would write on a tree the name of the place whither we went."

"The principal village of this tribe is called Croatan. There we shall probably go first," Opeche informed her.

"Can we go back that I may carve the name on a tree, as my husband bade me?"

The Indian consented, and they retraced their steps toward the now deserted village. Reaching it, she sought one of the largest, finest trees. Just as she was finishing "Croatan," the Indian whispered, "Danger!"

Catching up her child, she followed the Indian into the forest again.

For three days they tramped on through bush and marsh. At last the woman grew weary; the fever of the swamps was upon her. One evening when they had stopped for the night, she called the Indian to her.

"Opeche," she said, "I am going to die. Take care of my little girl, and if you ever hear that the white men have returned from the sea carry her back to them. Will you do this?"

"Opeche will do it," answered the savage, touched by her sorrow and anxiety.

The mother pressed her child to her heart looked sadly and lovingly upon it, and fell back upon the ground.

Opeche covered the body with leaves, rested that night, and the next day continued his journey, carrying the baby with him.

A few more days and he reached one of the villages of the people whom he sought,—not the village of Croatan, however. He was welcomed into the tribe while the pretty child was adopted by an old and famous warrior. She was not old enough to tell her name, so she was given an Indian name,—they called her Teha.

Teha grew up as an Indian maiden. She was brave, merry and good,—loved greatly by everyone in the tribe.

She and her companions were especially fond of rowing on the calm waters of the nearby lake. They were there one evening at sunset. The sun, bright red, hung just above the horizon; its rays tinged the waves with a fiery glow, and the maiden's long flowing hair with a golden sheen. Beautiful indeed she looked! Her white teeth were showing between parted lips, while a merry little laugh slipped from them; her shining hair was tossed by the gentle breeze, and her fair face brightened by the evening glow in the West.

Suddenly the merry laugh was broken; she looked around to find another canoe beside their own. What warrior is that? What a strange dress! And a white face!

The maiden looked and was lost in admiration. A fair face! It was not fairer than her own, but that she had never seen, save as the springs and streams reflected it in darkened hue.

The stranger spoke to them in the Creek language, but she did not hear what he said, for, with half-drooping eyelids, she still gazed upon his face! Once he glanced at her, noted her fair face and wondered, but he had not time to linger. With a parting wave of the hand he rowed on, leaving a maiden something sweet to dream of.

The Indian girl moved nervously, "What a strange warrior!" she said.

"Strange indeed," answered the other, as in a reverie, and she leaned over the side of the canoe, dipping her fingers into the water. Suddenly she raised them, sparkling with the glittering drops, "Why are my hands white, while yours are brown?"

"Why," said the Indian maiden, "don't you know they say in the village that you, with your fair face and golden hair, are the child of the sun, and that you came to us long ago from the place of its rising?"

"This warrior came from the rising sun, too!" Teha said, looking eagerly in the direction from which the white man's canoe had come, then turning once more to gaze at the point where he had disappeared in the evening glow.

Again the maiden fell to musing.

The days passed on; Teha came often alone to the lake, and as often she saw again in memory the strange warrior with the fair face. "Perhaps," she thought wistfully, "he will come again." But he did not come.

Several months passed, Teha's tribe left their old hunting grounds, going towards the northeast. Scarcely had they arrived at a suitable place and pitched their tents, ready for the fall hunting, when they were invited by a neighboring tribe to join in attacking a settlement of palefaces. Eager to make friends with their immediate neighbors, they consented at once.

But the plot was discovered by the whites, who planned to surprise the Indian encampment before the time set for their own destruction. The settlement of the newly-arrived tribe, being nearest, received the attack. But, though the surprise was complete, most of the warriors escaped to the woods. Many women and children, however, Teha among them, were taken captive.

The two Indian tribes now joined to attack the white man's fort. The onset of the savages was so terrific that at one time the white men thought they would have to leave the fort and take shelter in the woods. The Indian women whom they held as prisoners were loosed from the room where they had been kept.

Teha wandered unnoticed through the fort, glancing timidly around her, ever seeking the face of her dreams and hopes,—a beautiful, glorious face to her. At last she climbed the rough ladder leading to the upper part of the fort and there continued her search, a vain, vain quest, it seemed. Suddenly a tremor seized her, she almost gasped, "'Tis he!"

But alas for human hopes! That moment pierced by an Indian arrow, he fell from his place at one of the watch towers. Teha sprang quickly forward, and bending over the prostrate man, pulled the arrow from his breast, then tried to stanch the blood with her own hand.

He opened his eyes and looked wonderingly at her.

"Leave me," he begged. "There is danger here.

The maiden did not answer, but she smiled gently—and stayed.

His life was fast ebbing away with the blood which gushed from his heart. His eyes closed; he whispered in anguish, "O God!—— Flora, my sweetheart!" and all was over.

The maiden fell upon his blood-stained bosom, pressed her blanched cheek tenderly upon the long-loved face and wept silently.

Thus a little later, two men in passing found them.

"Carson has fallen from his post," said one. "They both seem dead; but draw the woman away. Perchance the man yet breathes."

As in a dream the girl heard, and trembled as she was gently removed. Again an arrow sped through the loop-hole. Did the Great Spirit in his mercy guide it in its flight? The maiden, pierced, quivers an instant and then is still, smiling sweetly, as if greeting one very dear.

She is dead, the first white native-born American is dead—Virginia Dare is dead, far from her own kindred, ignorant even of her own name,—but happy in death beside him she loved, though he knew it not.

Sallie E. Jones, '06.

A Normal Schedule for a Week's Work by a Normal Girl of the Normal School

Mary Mosby Stephens, '09

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
Between breakfast and chapel	Study geometry. Make bed. Take clothes to the laundry.	Sweep. Look over Physics. (So that I may not only "mean right" but "say right."	Study Physics. Make bed. Go down to get Botany lesson.	Make bed. Walk around the yard.	Sweep. Study for Physics test.
9:00-9:45	Parse 30 lines of Cæsar. Finish Mama's letter.	Physics	Physics	Physics	Physics (Test)
9:45-10:30	Cæsar. (Get both the thought and the spelling.)	Meet committee. Do drawing.	Cæsar	Write to Mamie. Think about story for the Annual.	Hunt references in the library; six for Botany; two for Composition; three for Latin.
10:30-10:45 Recess	Buy stamps. Go to Mr. Jarman. Meet Miss Andrews. Get ready for "Gym"	See Miss Snow. Go to call meeting of literary society. Buy test paper.	Work and copy that original. Meet in room B.	Pay Mr. Cox for board. See Mrs. Cochran about the "happenings" of last night—at her request. Go to class meeting.	See Miss Whiting about story for "The Guidon." Do drawing.
10:45-11:30	Gym. (Learn right from left.) Work Geometry from memory.	Drawing. Think about composition. Decide on subject for poem.	Skip "Gym." Write to Papa for money.	Study Geometry. Mail letters. Think about paper for literary society.	Drawing. (On my imagination for that story.)

11:30-12:15	Collect Mission study money. Get up Botany notes. Finish Y. W. C. A. poster.	Go to Uncle Pat's. See Mr. Mattoon about pictures.	Study for Physics test.	Go to Uncle Pat's. Study for Cæsar test.	Cæsar (Test)
12:15-1:00	Geometry. Meantime, think about poem for Annual.	Write to Auntie. Go to library. Darn stockings.	Geometry	Geometry. ("Any questions?")	Study for Botany test.
1:00-2:15	Walk home with Mathematics teacher.	Go to rehearsal.	Walk around the yard.	Walk home with Latin teacher.	Go to rehearsal.
	Dinner. Study music at table.	Dinner. (Dessert day.)	Skip dinner. Study 48 pages of Botany.	Dinner. Think about story for the Guidon.	Dinner. Discuss basket ball.
	Read "The Talisman."	Think about composition.	Continue to study Botany.	Go to Aunt Harriet's.	Go to Miss Tabb's office.
2:15-3:30	Music	Write composition. Correct composition. Copy composition.	Botany	Music	Hunt news in the library for composition.
3:00-3:45	Botany. Run four miles into the country.	Composition. (Everybody composed.)	Go to rehearsal. Go down town. (Steal off.)	Botany. Laboratory work.	Composition. (Read aloud.)
3:45-4:30	Botany. Race back to school loaded down with specimens which we "can't swear to."	Get picture ready for Annual. Go to Uncle Pat's.	Write paragraph for the Annual and see Miss Andrews about it.	Botany. Laboratory.	Go to Uncle Pat's. Write piece for "The Guidon."
4:30	Dress. Go to basket ball game.	Dress. "Arm" Blanche and Margaret about the campus. (Making rhymes.)	Borrow Mildred's silk waist. Dress.	Go to literary society.	Dress. Go walking.

"Smoked Up"—and Out!

THE matron bade us a sweet "Good-night!" and we listened until the echo of her footsteps had died away. Then, arising stealthily, we set about making the lemonade for which we had spent the entire study hour in securing sugar.

Having, at length, been made aware of the flight of time by the arrival of the midnight train, we decided to go to sleep, and all three went to rest with tranquil minds, for we had the satisfaction of having thoroughly enjoyed the lemonade made against the law. I, for one, had determined to sleep till seven-fifteen. Great, therefore, was my vexation, on being rudely awakened about five o'clock by the sound of excited voices and the rushing of feet through the halls. I felt really cross, and wished the girls would show some consideration for others. But the noise continued, so, arising and opening the door, I looked out. The "well-hole" was surrounded by smoke! While sleepily wondering what was the matter, I saw the matron coming towards me. In my guilty conscience I wondered if she knew of our feast of the night before, and I braced up for a "sitting-on".

"Get dressed at once and get out," she commanded, "the building is on fire!" I must have felt somewhat relieved, for I was not in the least alarmed. I turned to wake my roommates. "Girls, girls," I called, softly and sweetly, "you had better get up,—the house is on fire." For the first and only time in my experience, they needed no urging.

My toilet was far from completion, when I saw one of my roommates, laden with numerous small articles, among them a silver thimble, a kodak and a paint-box, ready to depart. "You are going in your dressing gown?" I queried, but suddenly decided that I would, too, for cries of "Fire, fire!" from girls outside began to mingle with the sound of falling trunks. At last I grew nervous, and began to implore them to "wait for me!" Just then some one came rushing past the door, bidding us "Leave the building immediately!" Throwing a long coat over my incomplete toilet, I began gathering up my possessions. Having previously packed a big valise, preparatory to going home, a week later, for the Easter holidays, I laid hold of this, grabbed my laundry-bag, and my collar-box, into which I threw my rubbers and "gym." shoes, and started down the hall. The valise weighed about a ton, a long one, at that, but, in my excitement, I heeded it not. Reaching the yard, I deposited my burdens. Alas! I had forgotten my best hat! Up to my room I sped, but had my hurry been thrice as great, there would have been no danger of forgetting the way, for, like the babes in the wood, I had left bits of pasteboard to mark it,—my visiting cards were scattered from one end of the hall to the other!

One roomate had followed me, and was pulling down her pictures from the wall. This struck me as a happy thought, so I snatched a brilliant poster, and rushed down stairs once more, having left my hat behind, after all.

Crouching upon my possessions, I sat shivering in the cold, watching the wondrous-colored throng about me. Had my imagination been very active just then, I could easily have fancied myself in fair Japan, except that I knew that Japanese maids would not have worn furs, nor black velvet hats, nor overshoes on bare feet with their gay kimonos.

I noticed that one of my roommates had "saved" very little, but found that she had exacted a solemn promise from some long-suffering mortal that he would bring down her trunk "right away". (I heard later that Mr. President, on being similarly

accosted, had quietly, smilingly assured his anxious questioner that he "wished to save them all.")

Two girls had shown even more presence of mind than my roommate, for they had actually made use of the fire-escape. This had required such an exertion of the faculties, however, that they had no strength left for further reasoning, but brought down a V. P. I. pennant, and two hatpins.

Others were guarding equally valuable treasures from the danger that threatened. One clasped a geography notebook, another a picture of her brother (?) and the third held a thick letter postmarked "Hampden-Sidney," while in the other hand she grasped a pink silk parosol, probably to keep off the beams of the rising sun.

When, the fire over, I wended my way upstairs once more, I fairly gasped, on opening our door, at the chaos that met my eyes. *And it was my morning to clean up!* I sighed in despair. Yet a ray of hope shown brightly through the gloom—perhaps we should have a surprise holiday to quiet our upset nerves. But even this consolation was denied, for at chapel, our President announced that "The best way to overcome excitement is to get down to work." And "get down to work" we did, devoutly hoping for no more fires, since even they could not bring a holiday.

Blanche Madeleine Gentry, '09.

"A Dream of Fair Women"

On a bright day not long since, that

"Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
By men, heart-easing Mirth,"

Took me by the hand and, waving her magic wand before my face gave me a keenness of vision never dreamed of before. She led me to Virginia's Normal School where she said she could show me things whose existence no one suspected.

The students of the school passed before us and, all unconsciously, many of them were masquerading,—to the casual observer they were simply a long line of school girls, but to one under the spell of the fair goddess much was revealed.

First, there was a goodly collection of Bible characters, for we beheld Adams, Stephens, Matthews, Marks, Johns, Andrews, Thomas, Sampson, Daniel, Martha, Mary, Ruth, Esther and Hager.

Following these came a number who represented the trades, for there was a Baker, a Mason, a Miller, a Minor, a Sadler, a Shepherd, a Smith, a Taylor, a Turner, a Wright, a Collier, a Porter, a Messenger, a Carter and a Foreman; while close behind them came a Pope and a Nunn, a King with his Page and Marshall, one of the Gentry followed by his Lackey, and then the queerest couple imaginable, a Palmer and a Savage, while an assortment of Parsons brought up the rear.

When this procession had filed by I was taken again by the hand and led to the Normal School Menagerie; among other things I saw there the Snow White Byrd, Robins, a Starling, a Martin, the Brown Colley, the Campbell, the Steed, the Dunn Bull, the Redd Hearring and many a queer little Bugg.

The goddess waved her wand once more, and low! all was changed into a garden where bloomed the Lily, the Rose and the Daisy; through the garden ran clear Brookes over which were several Bridges. These we crossed and soon entered a Castle, and after traversing the Hall and several Chambers, pausing on the way for a glimpse of the old Chappell, we reached the Garrett, from the windows of which we could look across the Stubblefield and the Glen with its Still Poole to the distant Hills, at the foot of which nestled a Hamlett with its Smithey and its busy Mills. Coming down from the Castle we rested a while on a Long Stone Seat and refreshed ourselves with a most delicious Beverage made from the Berry, the Figg and the Orange.

I was next taken to the Art Gallery where I saw pictures by such men as Turner and Reynolds, there were landscapes from beautiful Kent and Lancaster, scenes from London, Glasgow, Spain and Holland, along with portraits of such men as Lee, Jackson Stuart, Clay, Penn, Scott, Watts, Moore, Fulton, Drummond and Bryant.

Once more the scene changed: I beheld a number of the Normal School girls out on a picnic. Some made themselves useful carrying the Potts and Bowles of Rice, some were rolling on Scates, and one Knott of girls who seemed to be Belles were talking to quite a Covey of Boys whom they addressed familiarly as Sidney, Charley, Frank, Archie, Willie, Toms, Williams and Jacque, though there was not a Mann in the crowd.

Just as boys and girls were preparing to do full Justis to the tempting lunch spread on a Rock, the goddess waved her wand once more—I found myself back in the office making red ink entries in "Black Beauty."

J. M. T.

Walter J Bigg

Mistaken Identity

New Student (to N–n–'06) "Say, are you a First A?"
N–n– : "No!"
New Student: "Oh, you don't go to this school!"

Quite A Bit

Miss R–d–: "What a fine model that bell would make for the drawing class."
Her Friend: "Oh, there is nothing striking about it except the clapper."

"Peggy :" What time is it B——?"
B–r–n–e : "I'm not a weather prophet."

Arithmetic teacher: To what geometrical figure is a circle reduced to get the area?"
Bright pupil: "To pie ! ! !"

Up-to-date History

Graduate, teaching: "Whom did Captain John Smith find when he came to Virginia?"
Young hopeful: "Adam and Eve."

Something New in Styles

R–b–c–a M–nn: "I'm going to embroider me a shirtwaist with cottolene."

Teacher: "Mary, what is the English lesson for to-day?"
Mary: "The infliction of verbs."

New Girl: "To-morrow is the first day of February; that's April fool's day, isn't it?"

M–r– V–i–en: "I'm going to marry on the Fourth of July, George Washington's birthday.'

C–r–ie D–n–an, in psychology: "I know a man who sat and tied knots all the time, one after another. Now, he was a very intelligent man."

Teacher: "What is the largest city on the Rhine?"
Pupil: "Perfume" (Cologne.)

P–g– P–e–ce: What are you readir g?"
A–i–ce P–pe: "Tanglefoot Tales."

Modesty

Auntie: "Are you getting any marks at the training school, Johnny?"
Johnny: "Yes, Auntie, only I can't show 'em to you."

A Correction

Teacher: "Correct the sentence, 'The liquor what the man bought was soon drunk.'"
Bright Pupil: "The man what bought the liquor was soon drunk."

Miss W–ns– –n, explaining electricity: "Now, girls, none of you have any attraction for me."

L–t–e Cl–rk, studying geography: "Swine are raised in the corn belt."
J–l–ette H–n–ley: "Indeed, they are not! Who ever heard of geese being raised there!"

Dr. S–a–s: "What about the architecture?"
L–l– B–s–e–v–l–e: Er—er—only the rich people could afford to have it."

B–l–e D–b–e (teaching third grade history): "Where did the Pilgrims land?"
Bright little girl: "In Canaan."

S. A. M. reads: "'Jokes and Grinds for the Annual?'"
J–n– B., shaking the box: "Not a red penny in it."

Teacher of physics: "How can you tell when a body is charged with electricity?"
L–z–ie D–v–s: "By the use of a compass."

Two Girls Studying Chemistry and Physics

L–c–e–: "I believe I will be a chemist."
E–h–l: "I think I will be a physiquist.

Old Girl: "She was confirmed Sunday."
New Girl: Have they got smallpox here?"

Reader, at the Senior Seminar: "Florida is discussing compulsory education."
Girl by that name, rising: "I haven't opened my mouth!"

Hard on "Pete"

Question on a test: "What do the Irish use for fuel?"
Answer: "Pete."

A—— L ——, to Mr. M–tt– –n, who is making out schedules: "Please take me just as soon as you can."
Mr. M–tt– –n: "Why, I've been spoken for."

M–r–a–et Br–d–o: "St. Valentine's Day was on the fourteenth of February last year. I wonder what day it will come on this year."

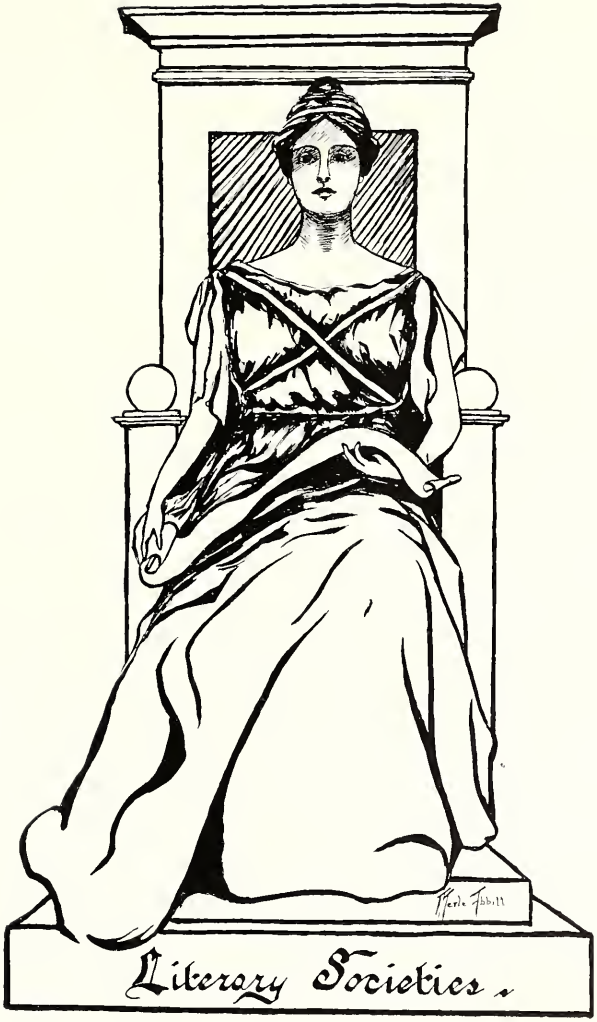
Miss H–n–r–: "B——, what is a fanatic?"
B–r–ha B–aitw–it: "Some kind of a little nat."

Teacher of chemistry: "What is aqua regia?"
Puzzled pupil, who should have known better: "I—don't—know—but I think it is some kind of lithia water."

K–th–r–ne P–n–yb–cke–: "Now, Kate, I'll hear your lesson; what are some of the properties of oxygen?"
K–te Pe–ry: "It affords combustion."

Dr. M–s–n–er: "How would you go about keeping the mind in a good condition?"
E–l–nor Wy–t: "Just keep it out of a bad condition."

E–e–nor J–m–rs–n: "Where is M——?"
M–ry: "On the training school hall."
E–e–nor J–m–rs–n: "Sure! I forgot this is her week to be janitor."


Literary Societies

Cunningham Literary Society

Organized November 1903.

Rhea Clarke Scott
Prest., September to December

Vice-President, Martha Cunningham. Secretary, Mary Preston
Censor, Anne Richardson
Treasurer, Minnie Blanton Critic, Mary Schofield
Librarian, Mary Ford

Isa McKay Compton
Prest., December to March

Vice-President
Pauline Williamson

Secretary
Nellie Baker

Censor
Frances Munden

Treasurer
Carrie Mason

Critic
Maude Mason

Librarian
Susie Ford

Vice-President, Mary Preston
Secretary, Merle Arbitt
Censor, Vergie Nunn Treasurer, Carrie Mason
Critic, May Marshall
Librarian, Sallie Jones

Mary Mercer Schofield
President, March to June

Cunningham Roll

Honorary Members

Miss Andrews
Miss Alleen Andrews
Miss Susie Allen
Miss Mary V. Blandy
Miss Helen Blackiston
Miss Robbie Berkeley
Miss Helen Coale
Miss Martha Coulling
Mr. B. M. Cox
Miss Mary White Cox
Miss Mary Venable Cox
Mrs. Jane Cochran
Judge J. M. Crute
Mrs. John. A. Cunningham
Miss Mary St. Clair Woodruff
Miss Fannie W. Dunn
Miss Alice B. Dugger
Miss Elsie Gwyn
Miss Eloise Harrison
Miss Haliburton
Miss Mary Clay Hiner
Miss Laura K. Hills
Mr. J. L. Jarman
Mrs. J. L Jarman
Miss Natalie Lancaster
Miss Lila London
Mr. J. C. Mattoon
Dr. J. F. Messenger
Mrs. J. F. Messenger
Mr. E. E. Jones
Mrs. Portia L. Morrison
Mrs. S. E. Newby
Miss Mary D. Pierce
Miss Susan Porter
Miss Minnie V. Rice
Dr. O. B. Sears
Mrs. O. B. Sears
Miss Laetitia Snow
Miss Carrie Sutherlin
Miss Jennie M. Tabb
Miss Annie J. Thraves
Mrs. Pattie Thaxton
Miss Marie Louise Whiting
Miss Lulie G. Winston
Miss Estelle Smithey

Regular Members

Merle Abbitt
Nellie Baker
Florence Barr
Grace Beale
Vernie Blankenship
Martha Blanton
Minnie Blanton
Katharine Britton
Belle Brosius
Elna Cox
Sallie Cox
Bevie Cox
Clara Colton
Isa Compton
Wirt Davidson
Mary Dupuy
Elizabeth Edwards
Blanche Gentry
Mary Holt
Bessie Howard
Sallie Jones
Charley Jones
Lizzie Kizer
Lois Leonard
Frances Lewelling
Maud Mason
Carrie Mason
Julia Massey
Mae Marshall
Frances Munden
Mollie Mauzy
Vergie Nunn
Margaret Wyatt
Mary Preston
Anne Richardson
Elizabeth Richardson
Dorothy Rogers
Clara Sanderlin
Bessie Sampson
Mary Schofield
Rhea Scott
Lou Semones
May Smith
Clara Smith
Virgie Stubblefield
Mary Steger
Mary Thomas
Happy Wilder
Pauline Williamson

Argus Literary Society

Organized November, 1903. *Chartered December, 1904.*

Motto : "To see the better."

Colors : Olive green and gray. Flowers : White rose and smilax.

Officers
(FIRST TERM)

President	Nell Douglas Ingram
Vice-President	Florence Linwood Ingram
Recording Secretary	Lillian Fredericka Thompson
Corresponding Secretary	Carrie Llewelyn Kyle
Librarian	Beryl Morris
Critic	Flora Thompson
Treasurer	Bessie McCraw
Censor	Mary Grace Walton

Officers
(SECOND TERM)

President	Margaret Page Brydon
Vice-President	Virgie Clare McCue
Recording Secretary	Frank Prescott Jones
Corresponding Secretary	Eleanor Baytop Wiatt
Librarian	Elizabeth Campbell Sterrett
Critic	Carrie Pearl Dungan
Treasurer	Mary Zuleime Cutchins
Censor	Steptoe Christian Campbell

ARGUS
LIVERPOOL

Active Members

Florida Ashby
Margaret Brydon
Hattie Bugg
Gertrude Burton
Mollie Byerley
Ruth Cobb
Steptoe Campbell
Mary Coleman
Zula Cutchins
Hattie Crute
Henrietta Dunlap
Mary Davidson
Gertrude Davidson
Margaret Davis
Carrie Dungan
Edith Duvall
Janet Duvall
Myrtle Grenels
Sidney Guy
Florence Ingram
Nell Ingram
Frank Jones
Gertrude King
Carrie Kyle
Josie Hull Kelly
Annie Lancaster
Virgie McCue
Bessie McCraw
Beryl Morris
Nan Nicholson
Hattie Paulett
Bessie Paulett
Aileen Poole
Lucy Rice
Leonora Ryland
Ruth Redd
Karlie Savage
Mary Spencer
Elizabeth Sterrett
Bernie Smith
Elizabeth Stokes
Lula Sutherlin
Mary Stephens
Margaret Tucker
Grace Thorpe
Flora Thompson
Lillian Thompson
Elizabeth Verser
Grace Walton
Lockett Walton
Eleanor Wiatt
Lois Watkins
Mary Watkins

Honorary Members

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Miss Alleen Andrews
Miss Blandy
Mr. Edward Bok
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Miss Vennie Cox
Rev. R. R. Claiborne
Mrs. R. R. Claiborne
Mrs. Jane K. Cochran
Miss Coulling
Judge J. M. Crute
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Miss Dunn
Miss Freeborn
Rev. Tucker Graham
Miss Gwyn
Rev. Mr. Hatcher
Miss Hiner
Miss Haliburton
Miss Hills
Miss Harrison
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Mrs. Jamison
Miss Lelia Jackson
Mr E E. Jones
Miss Lancaster
Miss London
Rev. Mr. McFarland
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Miss Daisy Minor
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Dr. J. F. Messenger
Miss Porter
Miss Pierce
Miss Patteson
Miss Reynolds
Miss Redd
Miss Rice
Miss Sutherlin
Miss Spilman
Mrs. Ernest Shawen
Miss Snow
Dr. Sears
Miss Tabb
Mrs. Thackston
Miss Whiting
Rev. J. B. Winn
Dr. Peter Winston
Miss Winston
Judge Watkins
Miss Woodruff

The Guidon Staff

Editors-in-Chief

Lizzie B. Kizer, Cunningham
Grace Thorpe, Argus

Social Editor and Editor of Jokes

Gertrude Burton, Argus

Exchange Editor

Sallie Jones, Cunningham

Literary and Alumnae Editor

Mary W. Schofield, Cunningham

Y. W. C. A. Editor

Flora Thompson, Argus

Business Manager

Maud Mason, Cunningham

Assistant Business Manager

Lula Sutherlin, Argus

GUIDON STAFF

The "White Ribbon Girl"

THE place was the chapel of the State Normal School ; time, the first day of the fall term ; the speaker, the President of the school ; and the words uttered were these : "If there is anything else in the wide world you wish to know, just ask any of these 'White Ribbon girls' and they'll be only too glad to tell you."

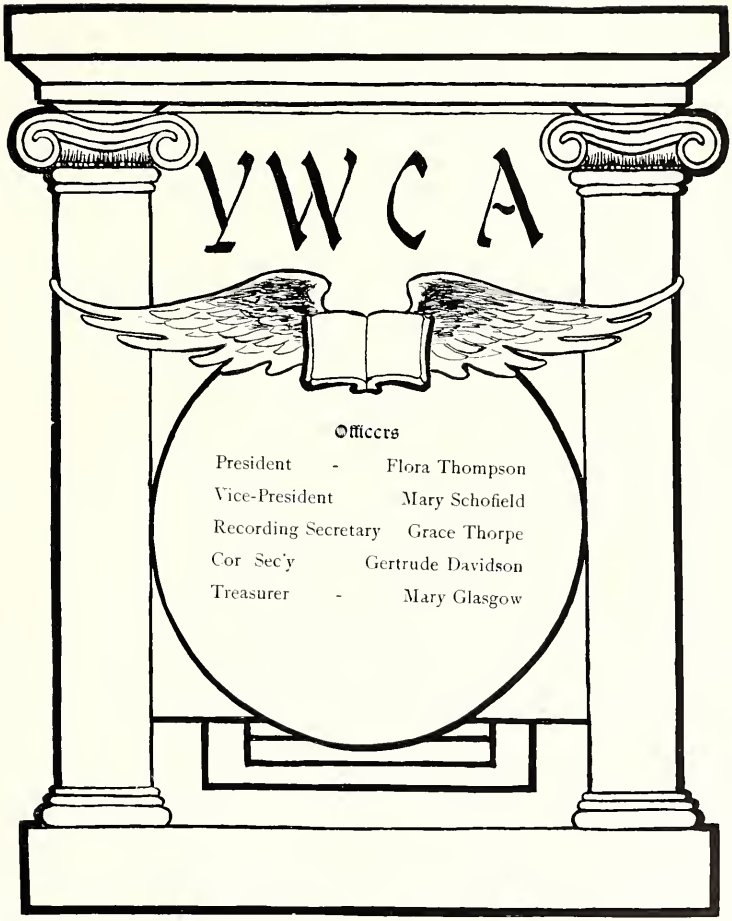
A big crowd of new girls listened to these inspiring words, and felt a little less dreary as they at last heard of a chance to get things straightened out in this bewildering stage of beginnings. I, myself, was a Freshman and after the President had finished speaking, I felt the need of an explanation. I turned to a girl who sat beside me, one whose very looks proclaimed, "I am an old girl," and said, "But who are these 'White Ribbon Girls?'"

She answered earnestly, "They are girls belonging to the Young Women's Christian Association. They are called 'White Ribbon Girls' because they wear a white ribbon, bearing the letters 'Y. W. C. A.' Some of them came back before tne new girls arrived to help the matron meet girls at the train, and introduce them as happily as possible to their new life. Other Y. W. C. A. girls came along with the new girls to be of use on the trip and then to help them at school to learn the rules and various unwritten laws. Ask them to do anything for you ; they'll do it if they can."

I thanked the girl, and because I was a little bolder than most Freshmen I resolved to try those "White Ribbon Girls" severely. Every time I met one I asked her a question, sometimes unanswerable ones. No one was quite so slow in learning the classrooms as I. No other girl seemed to have such a hard time getting her schedule fixed, none of them broke so many rules. All this ignorance, half of it pretended, led those poor girls a chase. But they were "game." Never once did I receive an impatient answer, not once did a 'White Ribbon Girl' refuse to show me any place at any time, or answer any question on any subject.

I did not then realize what it meant to those girls to leave home so much earlier than necessary, and to spend the first week of school as they did. They could have had a lovely time that week, greeting old friends, relating summer experiences, and strolling about on the cool, shaded campus. Instead, I know from observation just how hard they worked, laboring for others all day long. Nor did they stop as evening came on, for that was the very time for desperate cases of homesickness ; and ahose inspired White Ribbon Girls knew that walks, friendly chat and new scenes were tll panaceas for such an ill.

Soon I learned my lesson from those girls—and a beautiful one it was, too, a lesson of self-sacrifice and love for others, of "kindness of heart and gentleness of manners," of charity which "suffereth long and is kind,"—all this was taught me, not by precept, but by example.



Motto: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, said the Lord of Hosts."

The Glee Club

Motto: "Poco a poco crescendo"
Director: Miss Andrews
Accompanist: Miss Alleen Andrews

First Sopranos

Merle Abbitt
Florence Barr
Margaret Brydon
Edith Duvall
Lois Leonard
Frances Lewelling
Bessie Paulett
Hattie Paulett
Mildred Richardson
Hazel Thompson
Elaine Toms

Second Sopranos

Kathleen Baldwin
Vernie Blankenship
Minnie Blanton
Hattie Bugg
Lelia Jackson
Carrie Kyle
Frances Munden
Anne Richardson
Lula Sutherlin

Altos

Vivian Boisseau
Gertrude Burton
Mary Coleman
Mildred Davis
Janet Duvall
Myrtle Grenels
Mary Holt
Maud Mason
Bessie Noel
Katherine Pennybacker

Honorary Members

Miss Clara F. Spilman
Mrs. R. Baxter Tuggle
Miss Mary St. Clair Woodruff
Miss Robbie Blair Berkeley
Miss Martha Willis Coulling
Mrs. Joseph Lindsay Jarman
Miss Genevieve Venable

FRATERNITIES

Kappa Delta Fraternity

Founded 1897 Chartered 1902

Chapters

Alpha	State Normal School
Gamma	Hollins Institute
Theta	Randolph-Macon Woman's College
Sigma	Lunston Institute
Phi Psi	Fairmont Seminary
Zeta	University of Alabama
Phi Delta	St. Mary's School
Kappa Alpha	Florida State College
Rho Omega Phi	Judson College
Delta	College for Women

Su-ie Ford, Virginia
Mary Ford, Virginia
Isabelle Flournoy, Virginia
Mary Glasgow, Virginia
Josie Kelly, Tennessee
Elaine Toms, Tennessee

Frances Lewelling, Virginia
Frankie McKinney, Virginia
Rochet McKinney, Virginia
Nan Nicholson, Virginia
Lelia Jackson, Virginia
Mary Watkins, Virginia

Τὰ καλὰ
διώκομεν
ΚΔ

ΦΚΔ

Sigma Sigma Sigma Sorority

Organized, 1897	Chartered, 1903
Alpha Chapter	Farmville, Virginia
Beta Chapter	Lewisburg, West Virginia
Gamma Chapter	Lynchburg, Virginia
Delta Chapter	Nashville, Tennessee
Epsilon Chapter	Hollins, Virginia
Eta Chapter	Searcy, Arkansas
Theta Chapter	Frederick, Maryland
Alpha Delta Chapter	Georgetown, Texas
Alpha Alumnae Chapter	Hampton, Virginia
Beta Alumnae Chapter	Lewisburg, West Virginia

Sorores in Facultate

Natalie Lancaster — Helen Blackiston

Sorores in Collegio

Merle Abbitt
Florence Barr
Edna Cox
Annie Lancaster
Maud Mason
Julia Massey
Eva White
Elizabeth Richardson
Anne Richardson
Mary Schofield
Rhea Scott
Elizabeth Stokes
Lois Watkins

E. A. WRIGHT, PHILA.

Σ
Σ Σ Σ
ΣΣΣ

Zeta Tau Alpha Fraternity

Alpha Chapter

Organized 1898 Chartered 1902

Colors: Turquoise blue and steel gray
Flower: Double white violet
Official Organ: "Themis"

Roll of Chapters

Alpha	State Normal School
Alumnae	Hampton, Va.
Beta	Judson College
Delta	Randolph-Macon Woman's College
Epsilon	University of Arkansas
Zeta	University of Tennessee
Eta	Mary Baldwin Seminary
Theta	Bethany College
Iota	Richmond College
Kappa	University of Texas

In Collegio

Margaret Page Brydon
Gertrude Burton
Mary Anderson Coleman
Steptoe Christian Campbell
Isa McKay Compton
Hattie Winifred Crute
Margaret Gertrude Davidson
Lizzie B. Kizer
Florence Baker Rawlings
De Berniere Harper Smith
Emma Lawson Waring

In Urbe

Harriet King Bugg
Mildred Elizabeth Blanton
Martha King Blanton
Mollie Bland Byerley,
Mrs. Elliott R. Booker
Edith Brent Duvall,
Janet Amanda Duvall,
Helen Chappel Jordan,
Caroline Llewelyn Kyle
Mrs. Walker Scott

T
Z A
Θεμις

T
ZΘA
Θέμις

Alpha Sigma Alpha Fraternity

Founded, 1902 Chartered, 1903

Flower :—White carnation Colors :—Crimson and silver

Official Organ :—"Hellenic News"

Chapters

Alpha.....State Normal School, Virginia

Beta.....Woman's College, West Virginia

Gamma.....College for Women, South Carolina

Delta.....Mary Baldwin Seminary, Virginia

Epsilon.....Fauquier Institute, Virginia

Sigma.....East Radford, Virginia

Zeta.....Sub Rosa

Eta.....Ward Seminary, Tennessee

In Urbe

Nellie French Johnson
Frank Prescott Jones
Hattie Crute Paulett
Mrs. James Venable

In Collegio

Lulie Goode Baskerville
Elizabeth Littleton Batten
Katherine Stockdell Britton
Susie Wesley Cox
Bessie Cloud Ferguson
Juliette Jefferson Hundley
*Hattie Virginia Kelly
Georgie Ward Newby
Lucile Randolph Pleasants
Mary Henly Spencer
Pocahontas Rolfe Tinsley

Annual Convention in Richmond, November 30-31

Delegates : Juliette Hundley, Georgie Newby, Pocahontas Tinsley, Hattie Paulett, and Bessie Ferguson

*Absent when picture was taken.

ΑΣΑ

The Anti-Matrimonial Mutual Tontine Benefit Association

Motto : " 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than to be married and be bossed "

Note : Owing to the dissension among the spinsters, no officers could be attained, but the following committees are presented :

Committee on "Don't Cares"

Steptoe Campbell — Grace Walton

Committee on "Never Been Asked"

Lizzie Kizer — Isa Compton

Committee on "Young Hopefuls"

Gertrude Burton — Virgie Nunn

Committee on "Still Trying"

Frances Munden — Elizabeth Verser

Committee on "Marriage Expenses"

Alleen Andrews (Honorary Member) — Margaret Henderson

Tennis Club

President . . . . . Pauline Williamson

Vice-President . . . . . Josie Kelly

Secretary . . . . . Lizzie Kizer

Treasurer . . . . . Mary Preston

Gertrude Bowers

Nellie Baker

Ruby Berry

Ruth Cobb

Steptoe Campbell

Henrietta Dunlap

Bess Howard

Ethel La Boyteaux

Bernie Smith

Hazel Thompson

TENNIS CLUB

Archery Club

COLORS : Turf-green and white

OUR AIM : The bull's eye

President - - - - J. Chester Mattoon
Secretary and Treasurer - - Steptoe C. Campbell

Archers

Miss Lula Andrews
Miss Alleen Andrews
Miss Laura K. Hills
Miss Elsie Gwyn
Miss Natalie Lancaster
Dr. J. F. Messenger
Miss Vennie Cox
Miss Laetitia Snow
Zoula La Boyteaux
Gertrude Burton
Henrietta C. Dunlap
Steptoe C. Campbell

Cotillion Club

Colors: Red and White

Flower: American Beauty

Leader - - - Elizabeth Verser

Assistant Leader - - Mary Coleman

Secretary and Treasurer Emma Edwards

Our Musician - - - Bessie Jones

Members

Blanch Armistead
Merle Abbitt
Hattie Bugg
Mollie Byerley
Bertha Braithwaite
Florrie Batten
Lizzie Batten
Vivian Boisseau
Steptoe Campbell
Alice Castle
Jaira Chapman
Mary Coleman
Hattie Crute
Edith Duvall
Janet Duvall

Jacque Etheridge
March Edmunds
Emma Edwards
Mary Ford
Sidney Guy
Annie Garrow
Bessie Howard
Juliette Hundley
Adele Hunley
Nellie Johnson

Lelia Jackson
Mamie Jones
Carrie Kyle
Lois Leonard
Julia Massey
Rocket McKinney
Frances Munden
Georgie Newby
Lucile Pleasants
Mildred Richardson
Anne Richardson
Ruth Redd
Mary Spencer
Bettie P. Starling
Bessie Stokes

Bessie Sterrett
Lula Sutherlin
Hontas Tinsley
Hazel Thompson
Elizabeth Verser
Katherine Verser
Alice Ware
Mary Watkins
Lucy Warburton

Champion Basket Ball Team of 1906

"The Greens"

Motto. "Play high." Colors: Five tones of green.

Yell

Hoo, Rah, Ray,
Hoo, Rah, Ray,
Boom, Rah, Rix,
Greens, Greens,
Nineteen Six.

Captain: Steptoe Campbell.

Right forward: Virgie Tinsley — Right guard: Vergie Nunn

Left forward: Susan Stone — Left guard: Ruth Redd

Center: Steptoe Campbell

Substitutes: Elizabeth Sterrett and Lula Sutherlin

Umpire: Miss Hills — Referee: Miss Sutherlin

Games

Greens vs Whites	8 — 10	February 10, 1906
Greens vs Juniors	7 — 0	March 17, 1906
Greens vs Lavenders	10 — 0	March 23, 1906
Greens vs Whites	7 — 1	March 24, 1906
Greens vs Lavenders	8 — 3	March 27, 1906
Greens vs Whites	16 — 8	April 2, 1906

"The Whites"

Motto: "Aim at the highest—the basket."

Colors: White and blue

Yell

Hoki, hoki, hoki hi,
Wave the white and wave it high!
Solo rex, and solo ri,
We can beat you
If we try.

Captain: Grace Walton

Right Foward: Elizabeth Verser — Right Guard: Lockett Walton

Left Forward: Grace Walton — Left Guard: Eleanor Wiatt

Center: Lizzie Davis

Substitute: Annie Bidgood

Umpire: Miss Hills — Referee: Miss Sutherlin

Games

Whites vs. Juniors	8	2	February 3, 1906
Whites vs. Greens	11	8	February 10, 1906
Whites vs. Lavenders	4	8	March 17, 1906
Whites vs. Greens	1	7	March 24, 1906
Whites vs. Lavenders	11	9	March 28, 1906
Whites vs. Greens	8	16	April 2, 1906
Whites vs. Lavenders	5	2	April 3, 1906

Tam o'Shanter Club

Margaret White
Blanche Gentry
Alma Montgomery
Mary T Vaiden

Mary Stephens
Mildred Davis
Bertha Braithwaite

Motto : "Nae man can tether time or tide"—or dinner.

Colors : Golf pink and white.

Flower : Thistle.

Song

[Tune: "Tammany."]

Tam o' Shanter, Tam o' Shanter ;
We take walks and miss our dinner,
Break the rules just like a sinner,
Tam o' Shanter, Tam o' Shanter ;

Get your kodaks,
Here we go, tacks !
Tam o' Shanter ! !

F. H. C. L. Club

Members

Georgie Creekmore — Mary Mills
Ethel Mills — Gertrude Rosson

Motto: "We four and no more." Flower: Touch-me-not.

Colors: Blue and gold.

Yell

"Fe! Fe! Fe!
Ho! Ho! Ho!
C! C! C!
Lu! Lo! Lel!
We are the girls of the
F. H. C. L.

Iota Iota Club

Members

Mary Roberson Perkins

Ellen Drucilla Taylor

Mary Mosby Stephens

Atala Walker

Louise Allen Farinholt

Margaret Willoughby Sharp

Kodak Club

Motto: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
Colors: Gold and sky blue
Favorite Place for Snap Shots: "Little Buffalo."

Jaira Chapman - - - - - President
Lulie Baskerville - - - - - Treasurer

Members

Clara Sanderlin
Mildred Richardson
Jaira Chapman
Lizzie Batten
Florrie Batten
Sidney Guy
Hontas Tinsley
†Mary Watkins
Nancy Garrow
Susie Cox
Bessie Ferguson
Mary Spencer
†Isabel Flournoy
†Emma Edwards
†Lucile Pleasants
Georgie Newby
Lulie Baskerville
Lucy Elcan
†Florence Barr

†Absent when picture was taken

Hurrah Club

Motto : "Do others, or they'll do you."
Colors : Orange and white

Song : "Home Sweet Home"
Flower : Wild rose

Yell

HURRAH!!!!!

Members

Bugs Ape Braithwaite
Agnes Ruth Sheppard
Y. M. Barber
Marie Thornhill Woody
Atala Walker

Our Artists

1. Howard Chandler Christy
2. Henry Hutt
3. Walter Biggs
4. Mrs. Benjamin Gay
5. Gertrude Burton
6. Mary Davidson
7. Merle Abbitt
8. Cora Quillen
9. Mary Coleman
10. Beulah Williamson
11. Mollie Mauzy
12. Steptoe C. Campbell

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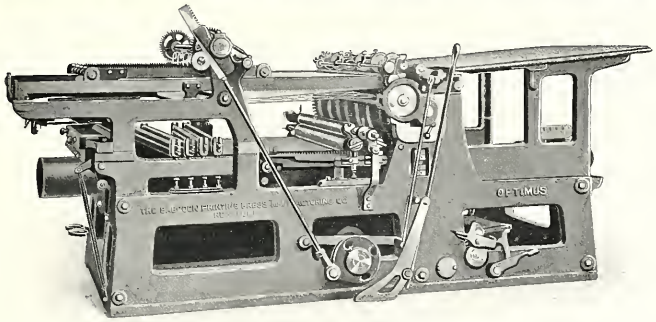

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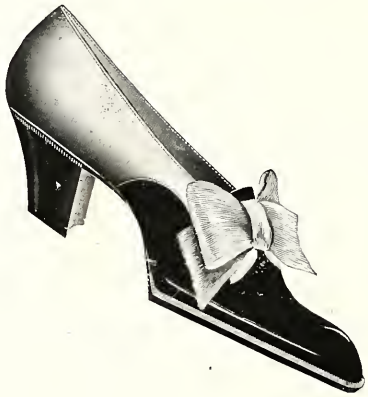

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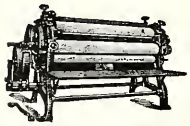

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